MEN AND MANNERS

A Selection of Modern English Prose

for

Pre-University Students

Edited by

R. N. KAUL

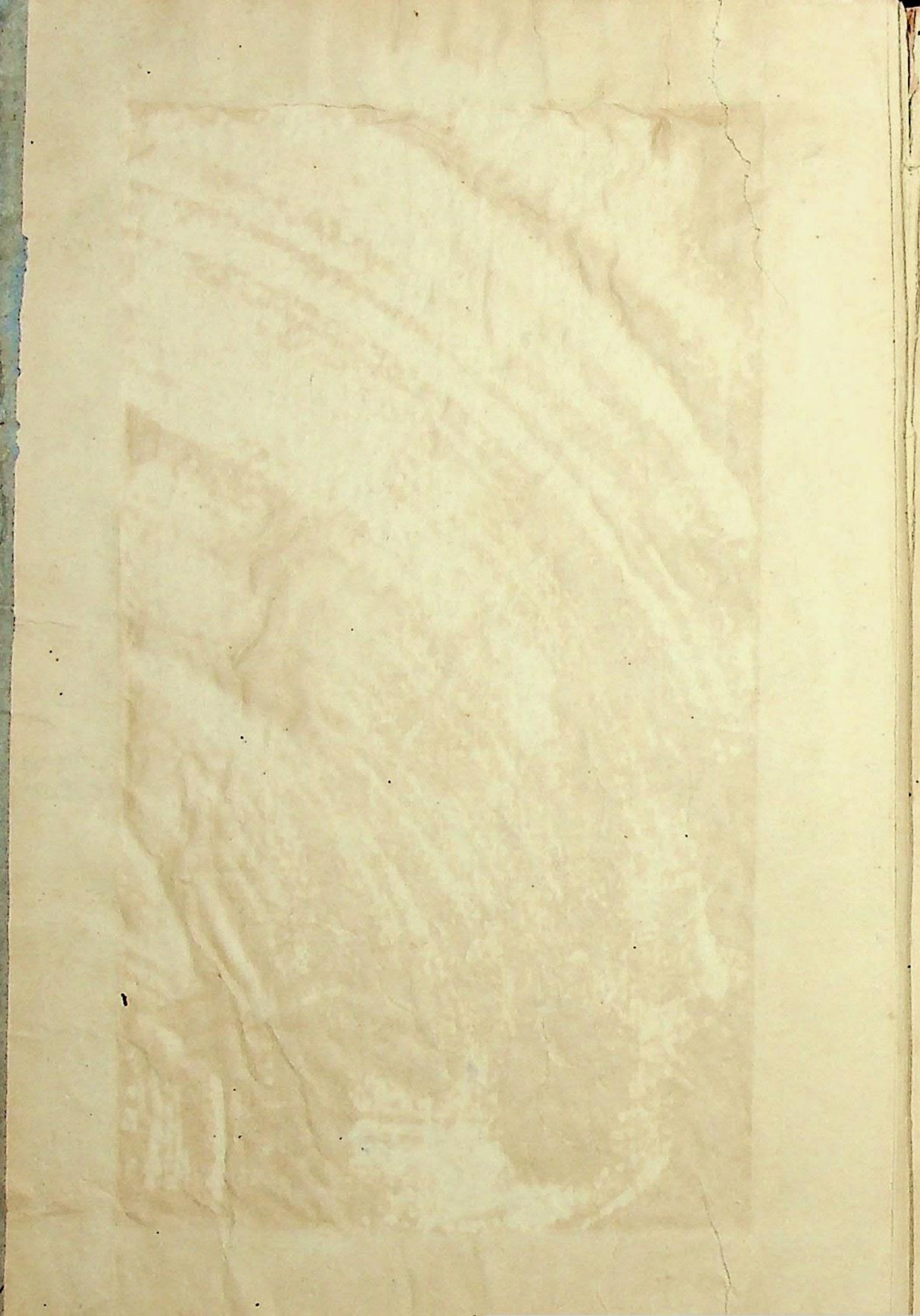
Department of English,

S.P. College, Srinagar

KAPOOR BROTHERS

SRINAGAR

Price Rs. 2·35 nP.

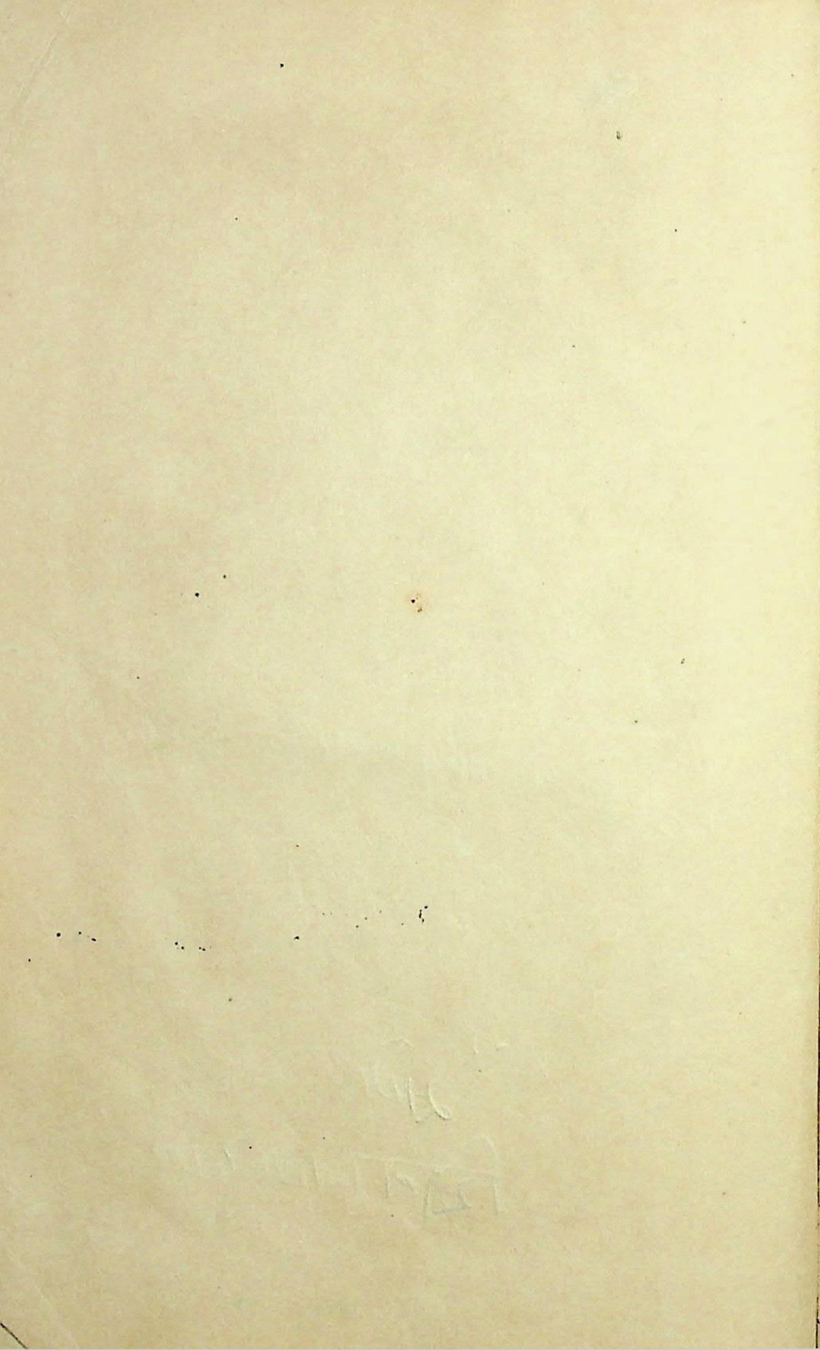


[illegible]

সা

শ্রী

[illegible]



MEN AND MANNERS

A Selection of Modern English Prose

for

The Pre-University Students

Edited by

R. N. KAUL

Department of English,

S. P. College, Srinagar.

Rupees 3 and 5 as.

KAPOOR BROTHERS

SRINAGAR

Price : *Rs.* 2.35 *nP.*

Printed at Rising Sun Press, Chawri Bazar, Delhi.

Acknowledgments

For use of copyright material Editor's thanks are due to Messrs J. M. Dent & Co. for 'On Saying Please' by A. G. Gardiner, Messrs Metheun & Co. for 'A Sermon on Shaving' by Robert Lynd, 'On the Selection of Books' by Hiliare Belloc and 'A Tiger Hunt' by E.V. Lucas, Messrs William Collins Sons & Co. Messrs John Lane, the Booley Head for 'Women & India's Struggle for Freedom' by Jawaharlal Nehru, Messrs Hodder and Stoughton for the "The Return of Napoleon' by Phillip Guedella, Messrs George Harrap & Co. for 'The Discoveries of Bose' by T.C. Bridges and Messrs Blackie & Son (India) Ltd. for 'The Assault on Annapurna' by Maurice Herzog.

PREFACE

Education has undergone a silent revolution in India during the last two decades. Emphasis has shifted from humanities to the study of science and technology. During this period the position of English in this country has undergone a complete reorientation. It has been realised to an extent much greater than ever before that an intensive study of the English language is essential not so much because of the rich literary heritage of the English speaking people as of its being the most valuable medium of approach to the wealth of knowledge, thought and sentiment in the civilized world today.

Editors of text-books in English prose for the intermediate classes of the universities in India have therefore, to (*a*) give an indication of the wide range of thought, idea and emotion embodied in modern English prose, (*b*) bring the student closer to the intellectual and social environment from which he or she is apt to remain otherwise isolated and (*e*) consistent with the mental development of the student at the post-matriculation stage provide interesting reading material that awakens a thirst in his or her mind for study without necessarily depending upon the teacher in the class. Almost all editors have to confess an occasional embarassment in seeing their task through.

It is easy to point out glaring omissions of some great masters of English prose form the present selection.

Considerable pains have been taken to eschew all that appears to be above the standard of the average Intermediate students as well as what appears to have lost its fascination through a never-ending succession of text-books. The omission of such masters as Bacon, Swift, Hazlitt, Lamb and Ruskin, for one reason or the other, is therefore regretted.

In spite of that, however, the present selection seems to be fairly representative of most of the prominent prose writers from Addison down to our own day. In the variety of theme and style the selection covers a wide range and brings home to the young scholars the wealth which has given the English language the pride of place as a medium of expression in the complex age of modern thought. The inherent merit of the extracts should encourage the students to go through them with relish.

Editor

CONTENTS

MAN AND MANNERS

ON SAYING "PLEASE"

BY

A.G. Gardiner

(A.G. GARDINER (1865-1946) was a journalist but is now known better for his delightful essays. His touch is light and he introduces a personal note to carry conviction with us. He tries to impress upon us what a great difference is sometimes made by the use of a single word of courtesy. His aim is to make our lives happier and he gives us valuable tips in this essay as well as in others. *e.g.*, *The Rule of the Road* and *All about a Dog* : "A cheerful person descends upon the gloomiest of us with something of the benediction of a fine day." "If bad manners are infectious, so also are good manner." "A reasonable consideration for the rights or feelings of others is the foundation of social conduct." He picks up this practical philosophy from the streets.)

The young lift-man in a city office who threw a passenger out of his lift the other morning and was fined for the offence was undoubtedly in the wrong. It was a question of "Please." The complainant entering the lift said, "Top". The lift-man demanded "Top-please", and this concession being refused he not only declined to comply with instruction, but hurled the passenger out of the lift. This, of course was carrying a comment

on manner too far. Discourtesy is not a legal offence, and it does not excuse assault and battery. If a burglar breaks into my house and I knock him down, the law will acquit me, and if I am physically assaulted it will permit me to retaliate with reasonable violence. It does this because the burglar and my assailant have broken quite definite commands of the law. But no legal system could attempt to legislate against bad manners, or could sanction the use of violence against something which it does not itself recognize as a legally punishable offence. And whatever our sympathy with the lift-man, we must admit that the law is reasonable. It would never do if we were at liberty to box people's ears because we did not like their behaviour, or the tone of their voices, or the scowl on their faces. Our fists would never be idle, and the gutters of the city would run with blood all day.

I may be as uncivil as I may please and the law will protect me against violent retaliation. I may be haughty or boorish and there is no penalty to pay except the penalty of being written down an ill-mannered fellow. The law does not compel me to say "Please" or to attune my voice to other people's sensibilities any more than it says that I shall not wax my moustache or dye my hair or wear ringlets down my back. It does not recognize the laceration of our feelings as a case for compensation. There is no allowance for moral and intellectual damages in these matters.

This does not mean that the damages are negligible. It is probable that the lift-man was much more acutely

hurt by what he regarded as a slur upon his social standing than he would have been if he had a kick on the shins, for which he could have got a legal redress. The pain of a kick on the shins soon passes away but the pain of a wound to our self-respect or our vanity may poison a whole day. I can imagine that lift-man, denied the relief of throwing the author of his wound out of the lift, brooding over the insult by the hour, and visiting it on his wife in the evening as the only way of restoring his equilibrium. For there are few things more catching than bad temper and bad manners. When Sir Anthony Absolute bullied Captain Absolute, the latter went out and bulliedhis man, Fag, where upon Fag, went out downstairs and kicked the page-boy. Probably the man who said "Top" to the lift-man was really only getting back on his employer who had not said "Good morning" to him because he himself had been henpecked at breakfast by his wife, to whom the cook had been insolent because the house-maid had "answered her back". We infect the world with our ill-humours. Bad manners probably do more to poison the stream of the general life than all the crimes in the calendar. For one wife who gets a black eye from an otherwise good-natured husband there are a hundred who live a life of martyrdom under the shadow of a morose temper. But all the same the law cannot become the guardian of our private manners. No Decalogue could cover the vast area of offences and no court could administer a law which governed our social civilities, our speech, the tilt of our eyebrows and all our moods and manners.

But though we are bound to endorse the verdict against the lift-man, most people will have certain sympathy with him. While it is true that there is no law that compels us to say, "Please", there is a social practice much older and much more sacred than any law which enjoins us to be civil. And the first requirement of civility is that we should acknowledge a service. "Please" and "Thank-you" are the small change with which we pay our way as social beings. They are the little courtesies by which we keep the machine of life oiled and running sweetly. They put our intercourse upon the basis of a friendly co-operation, an easy give-and-take, instead of on the basis of superiors dictating to inferiors. It is a very vulgar mind that would wish to command where he can have the service for asking, and have it with willingness and good-feeling instead of resentment.

I should like to "feature" in this connection my friend the polite conductor. By this discriminating title I do not intend to suggest a rebuke to conductors generally. On the contrary, I am disposed to think that there are few classes of men who come through the ordeal of a very trying calling better than bus conductors do. Here and there you will meet an unpleasant specimen who regards the passengers as his natural enemies—as creatures whose chief purpose on the bus is to cheat him, and who can only be kept reasonably honest by a loud voice and an aggressive manner. But this type is are—rare than it used to be, I fancy the public owes much to the Underground Railway Company, which also runs the

buses, for insisting on a certain standard of civility in its servants and taking care that that standard is observed. In doing this it not only makes things pleasant for the travelling public, but performs an important social service.

It is not, therefore, with any feeling of unfriendliness to conductors as a class that I pay a tribute to a particular member of that class. I first became conscious of his existence one day when I jumped on to a bus and found that I had left home without any money in my pocket. Everyone has had the experience and knows the feeling, the mixed feeling, which the discovery arouses. You are annoyed because you look like a fool at the best and like a knave at the worst. You would not be at all surprised if the conductor eyed you coldly as much as to say, "Yes, I know that stale old trick. Now then, off you get." And even if the conductor is a good fellow and lets you down easily, you are faced with the necessity of going back, and the inconvenience, perhaps, of missing your train or your engagement.

Having searched my pockets in vain for stray coppers, and having found I was utterly penniless, I told the conductor with as honest a face as I could assume that I couldn't pay the fare, and must go back for money. "Oh, you needn't get off ; that's all right," said he. "All right", said I, "but I haven't a copper on me." "Oh, I'll book you through," he replied. "Where d'ye want to go"? and he handled his bundle of tickets with the air of a man who was prepared to give me a ticket for anywhere from the Bank to Hong Kong. I said it was very

kind of him, and told him where I wanted to go, and as he gave me the ticket I said, "But where shall I send the fare?" "Oh, you'll see me some day all right", he said cheerfully, as he turned to go. And then, luckily, my fingers, still wandering in the corners of my pockets lighted on a shilling and the account was squared. But that fact did not lessen the glow of pleasure which so good natured an action had given me.

A few days after, my most sensitive toe was trampled on rather heavily as I sat reading on the top of a bus. I looked up with some anger and more agony, and saw my friend of the cheerful countenance. "Sorry, sir," he said. "I know these are heavy boots. Got 'em because my own feet get trod on so much, and now I'm treading on other people's. Hope I didn't hurt you, sir." He had hurt me but he was so nice about it that I assured him he hadn't. After this I began to observe him whenever I boarded his bus, and found a curious pleasure in the constant good-nature of his bearing. He seemed to have an inexhaustible fund of patience and a gift for making his passengers comfortable. I noticed that if it was raining he would run up the stairs to give someone the tip that there was "room inside". With old people he was as considerate as a son, and with children as solicitous as a father. He had evidently a peculiarly warm place in his heart for young people, and always indulged in some merry jest with them. If he had a blind man on board it was not enough to set him down safely on the pavement. He would call to Bill in front to wait while he took him across the road or round the

corner, or otherwise safely on his way. In short, I found that he irradiated such an atmosphere of good-temper and kindliness that a journey with him was a lesson in natural courtesy and good manners.

What struck me particularly was the ease with which he got through his work. If bad manners are infectious, so also are good manners. If we encounter incivility most of us are apt to become uncivil, but it is an unusually uncouth person who can be disagreeable with sunny people. It is with manners as with the weather. "Nothing clears up my spirits like a fine day," said Keats, and a cheerful person descends on even the gloomiest of us with something of the benediction of a fine day. And so it was always fine weather on the polite conductor's bus, and his own civility, his conciliatory address and good-humoured bearing, infected his passengers. In lightening their spirits he lightened his own task. His gaiety was not a wasteful luxury, but a sound investment.

I have missed him from my bus route of late; but I hope that only means that he has carried his sunshine on to another road. It cannot be too widely diffused in a rather drab world. And I make no apologies for writing a panegyric on an unknown bus conductor. If Wordsworth could gather lessons of wisdom from the poor leech-gatherer "on the lonely moor," I see no reason why lesser people should not take lessons in conduct from one who shows how a very modest calling may be dignified by good-temper and kindly feeling.

It is a matter of general agreement that the war has had a chilling effect upon those little everyday civilities

of behaviour that sweeten the general air. We must get those civilities back if we are to make life kindly and tolerable for each other. We cannot get them back by involving the law. The policeman is a necessary symbol and the law is a necessary institution for a society that is still somewhat lower than the angels. But the law can only protect us against material attack. Nor will the lift-man's way of meeting moral affront by physical violence help us to restore the civilities. I suggest to him that he would have had a more subtle and effective revenge if he had treated the gentleman who would not say "Please" with elaborate politeness. He would have had the victory, not only over the boor, but over himself, and that is the victory that counts. The polite man may lose the material advantage but he always has the spiritual victory. I commend to the lift-man a story of Chesterfield. In his time the London streets were without the pavements of to-day—, and the man who "took the wall" had the driest footing. "I never give the wall to a scoundrel," said a man who met Chesterfield one day in the street. "I always do," said Chesterfield stepping with a bow into the road. I hope the lift-man will agree that his revenge was much more sweet than if he had flung the fellow into the mud.

NOTES

Scowl on their faces : angry and tense looks

laceration : hurting seriously

Sir Anthony Absolute, etc. : characters in Sheridan's play *The Rivals*

a black eye : a bruised face

Decalogue : Moses gave ten commandments to his followers whom he led away from the tyranny of the Pharoahs of Egypt

The Bank : the Bank of England in London

solicitous : careful

benediction : blessing

conciliatory : polite and courteous

panegyric : writing in praise of somebody

leech-gatherer : Wordsworth wrote a well-known poem on a leech-gatherer

elaborate politeness : Jesus Christ and Mahatma Gandhi insisted that we must conquer our enemies with love

boor : ill-mannered person

Chesterfield : (1694-1773) a statesman, scholar and patron of letters of the 18th century famous for his *Letters to his Son*

took the wall : walked closest to the wall or on the edges

Exercises

1. Relate in your own words two most important of the incidents mentioned above.
2. What is the central idea of the essay ?
3. a. His gaiety was not a wasteful luxury but a sound investment.

   b. The polite may lose the marerial advantage but he always has the spiritual victory.

   Explain what the author means by these observations.
4. Use in sentences of your own : .Comply with, brood over, by the hour, a black eye, to enjoin, to pay one's way, to pay a tribute, encounter, conciliatory, infected, invest, commend.

———

A SERMON ON SHAVING

BY

Robert Lynd

(Shaving is something within the range of experience of many students. We pick up our instruments and feel relieved when we have done with it. But the writer builds up a philosophy on this very common act.

ROBERT LYND, 1879-1949, is a writer of the modern personal essay. He contributed regularly to many journals and brought to bear the whole of his vision of life on the topics of the moment familiar to everybody. His attitude towards life may be summed up in the words : "Ordinary human beings cannot bear the strain of perpetual seriousness......... They do well occasionally to cease thinking about high matters to escape into pursuits called petty and frivolous." Collections of his essays have been published as *The Money Box*, *The Blue Lion*, *The Cockleshell*, etc.)

No man can shave every morning for twenty or thirty years without learning something. Even if he is too lazy or too incompetent to shave himself, and submits himself to barbers, he can hardly escape learning something about human nature by the time he is middle-aged. For barbers contain in their ranks every variety of human nature. I have known barbers who were angels ; I have known barbers who were devils. Some of them have a touch as light as a falling feather ; others wield a

razor like a weapon of the stone age, and are not content unless they are allowed to flay as well as to shave you. The latter, I confess, are rare in the more expensive hair-dressers' shops: but, if you are economical or poor, and go into one of those little shops in which before the war a shave used to cost three-half pence, you will in the course of time discover a kind of shaving which makes you feel as if a mob were rushing over your face in hob-nailed boots. I do not say that the poor man's barber is always, or even usually, so brutal as this, but undoubtedly the barber whose customers often allow their beards to grow for two or three days at a time gets used to a more determined sweep of the razor in order to clear away so stiff a field of stubble. He cannot suddenly alter his methods for a thin skin that looks as if it scarcely needed to be shaved at all. To such a skin his very shaving brush feels as if it were made of darning-needles, stabbing the flesh at very touch. His charge is so small that he has no time for the delicacies, and at the end of the shave you find yourself with soap in your nostrils, blood on your jaws, and tears in your eyes. Then you rub into your wounds, so as to make them smart, a piece of alum that has been rubbed into over so many other wounds, and you wipe your face with a dirty towel that has wiped over so many other faces. And you come out into the air, glad to be alive and resolving never in future to go to any but the most expensive barbers.

I do not speak as one who is accustomed to being shaved by a barber. I have no longer the courage. In my twenties, however, when I was more indolent, I used

constantly to find myself in barber's shops even though, as the razor touched my face, I was not always free from such apprehensive thoughts as: "Suppose the barber should suddenly go mad?" Luckily, the barber never did, but I have known other and comparable perils. There was that little French barber, for instance, who shaved me during a thunderstorm and who sprang into air at every flash of lightning. There was also a barber who felt my check with a razor as a man reaches out for something and misses it. Having at last brought the razor down on my face, he leaned on it to steady himself, and, by leaning hard, even succeeded in shaving a certain patch on my right jaw. I did not dare so much as to utter a protest while the razor was on my skin. Even a whisper, I felt, might unnerve and overbalance the man, and my jugular would be severed before he knew he had done it. No sooner, however, was the razor temporarily withdrawn from my face—*reculer pour mieux sauter* is, I think the way the French describe it—than in a nightmare voice I gasped out, "No more, no more. That will do, thank you." He looked down at me with stupid, heavy eyes, and swayed gently with the open razor in his hand. "You won't say anything to the boss," he said. "Nasty touch of influenza. Been trying to cure it. Get into trouble if you say anything." I looked at the razor and spoke, like Harold King of the English, under duress. "Right," I said. That happened a good many years ago, and I am still in doubt whether I acted as an honourable citizen either in making or in keeping such a promise. I was so exceedingly frightened, how-

ever, while the man was trying to shave me, that I am afraid it never entered my head to consider my duty as a citizen. Self-preservation, they say, is the first law of nature, and at the moment I cared about nothing except escaping at the earliest possible moment from that terrible chair. As I passed out into the street I did not mind even the fact that a piece of my face was clean shaved while the rest of it was not. I consoled myself for not reporting the barber with the thought that, perhaps he would not have to shave anybody else that day, that perhaps the next customer would only want to have his hair cut, and that not very much damage could be done during a hair-cut. Still, these very casuistries show that my conscience was pricking me. It continues to prick me till the present day. Life is full of difficulties if you do not happen to possess the heroic virtues. Never is it more so, believe me, than when you are being shaved by a drunken barber.

It was not, however, perils of this kind—perils, surely, worthy of being added to that catalogue with which Othello used to thrill the ear of Desdemona—that finally decided me never, if I could avoid it, to allow a barber to shave me again. If I now shave myself, it is owing to that middle-aged nervousness which disguises itself in such words as "hygienic". I dislike being touched with shaving brushes and razors that have been used on other people's faces. I knew a man who had to grow a beard as the result of a small poisonous cut that he got at a barber's, and I do not wish to have to grow a beard. If one did not mind having a beard, life would obviously be

simpler. But most of us even in these days, would rather do almost anything than grow beards. Much as the average man hates shaving, he hates the notion of growing a beard still more. In this he is entirely unreasonable. He does not know why he dislikes beards any more than he knows why he dislikes medium-boiled eggs. It is clear that a beard is a labour-saving device but even in an age of labour-saving devices the very laziest of us will have none of it. Again, it is obviously natural to grow a beard and for a man to shave is to defy nature no less than for a woman to use lip-stick. A beard is also of service in hiding the imperfections of the human face and, a face with an evil mouth and a weak chin may look positively noble in the shelter of a beard. There is, indeed, everything to be said for wearing a beard that could appeal to so slothful and uncomely an animal as man. Yet we go on shaving, and know not why, and if one of our friends appears with two days growth of beard on his chin, we regard it as evidence of a deficiency in his character. There is an iron law of shaving. You must either not shave at all or you must shave every day. Here there is no room for the moderate man, the lover of compromise, the good-natured being who likes to make the best of both worlds. If you do not shave at all you will be respected. If you shave every morning you will be respected. But if you attempt to strike a nice balance and shave one day and grow a beard another, both camps will combine to denounce you as though you were something unclean. I have never been able to understand why it should be considered unclean to let the beard

grow for three days and clean to let it grow for thirty years. There must be some powerful reason why moderation is praised in every other sphere of conduct but is anathe-matized in this. It is a matter on which I— possessing as I have said, none of the heroic virtues— bow to public opinion, and I find myself shaving at the mirror every morning as though I were a slave obeying orders. It is a waste of time. I dislike doing it. But if I did not, I should feel an outcast. Shaving is my daily act of hypocrisy. It enables me to feel a better man without being one.

The sermon I wish to preach on shaving, however, is not a sermon against hypocrisy. It is a sermon against putting your trust in any one thing, as though it alone were necessary to perfection, and it came into my head in this way. I bought a safety-razor some years ago because everybody else seemed to have a safety-razor. For a time it gave me not only the pleasure of a new toy, but, I honestly believe, the pleasure of a perfect shave. Months passed, however, and I became disatisfied. I began to realize that I used to be able to shave better with an ordinary razor. Then I heard somebody saying that, in order to get a good shave, the important thing was not only to have a perfect razor but to have a perfect lather and that So-and-so's soap was the best; and so I went out and bought So-and-so's soap and, for a week or two afterwards, noticed a marked improvement in my morning shave. Once more, in the course of time, I became dissatisfied, and, on this occasion, when I began to attack So-and-so's razor and So-and-so's soap

I was told by my friends. "The great thing is to have a perfect shavingbrush, and applied So-and-so's soap according to the directions on the paper that was wrapped round it, moistening the face with cold water before using the soap, and, with the help of So-and-so's razor, had the first series of satisfactory shaves that I had had since the War." Were it not for the soap, even a sharp razor would not give me a perfect shave. Were it not for the razor, of what use would the best brush in the world be? Hence I tell myself: "Do not expect too much from any one thing." We are always putting our trust in one thing or another as though it were the key to perfection, but the truth is we cannot attain to the inner sanctuary or perfection without a whole bunch of keys. You would imagine that a perfect shave was fairly easy of achievement for a serious minded man, but it has taken me half a lifetime to discover the secret of it. The perfect life, or the perfect state, is probably even more difficult of attainment, and we make the same mistakes about them, over-emphasising the importance of one thing and over-looking the importance of others. We attempt to save civilization by means of birth-control or private enterprise or Nationalism or Internationalism, as though any of these things were good in itself except in company with other equally important things. The fanatic believes that if he mentions the word "birth-control" or "republicanism" or "communism" he has given you the clue to paradise. But it is possible to imagine human beings miserable under birth-control, miserable in a republic and miserable under the dictatorship of the proletariat. You cannot build a house with

only one wall, and you cannot build a perfect state with only one principle. At least, so I thought as I soaped my face with perfect soap and a perfect brush and shaved it with a perfect razor. If there had been such a thing as a golden rule, there would have been no need of Ten Commandments. I am not sure that even ten are not too few. And he who neglects one neglects all. This I said to myself emphatically, dogmatically, this morning while shaving.

NOTES

War : World War 1914-18

towel : the description is equally applicable to some of our barbers' shops in backward localities in India even today

indolent : lazy

reculer pour mieux santer : stepping back for a bigger jump

King Harold : King of England in 1066 A.D.

Casuistries : arguing in a roundabout manner to justify his action

Othello : hero of Shakespeare's play of the same name. He was a moor and won the heart of Desdemona, a fair Venetian damsel, by telling her of the perilous adventures he had encountered

anathematized : condemned, cursed

Ten Commandments : given by Moses to the Jews

Exercises

1. Rewrite in your own words some of the experiences of Lynd with barbers. Why did he start shaving with his hand ?

2. What is the sermon Lynd wishes to preach? How far do you agree with him?
3. Explain what the author means by saying:
   "Shaving is my daily act of hypocrisy." "These very casuistries showed that my conscience was pricked."
4. Use in sentences of your own:
   Weapon of the stone age, field of stubble, under duress, defy, iron law, hypocrisy, golden rule.

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

1. The Genius of the English Language

   Joseph Addison

2. On the Selection of Books

   Hiliare Belloc

THE GENIUS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

BY

Joseph Addison

* * *

Let brevity dispatch the rapid thought

(JOSEPH ADDISON'S (1672-1719) is one of the greatest names in English literature. He wrote some poems and plays which were well-spoken of, but it is as a prose-writer that he has won laurels.

The eighteenth century was an age of periodicals and such a medium helped Addison to use his pen to the best effect. In 1709 his friend Steele founded the *Tatler* and before long Addison came to be known as an invaluable contributor to this journal as well as its successor the *Spectator*. These papers were both entertaining and educative and in the words of John Gay 'many thousand follies they have either quite banished or given a very great check to.' The English language discovered Addison through these journals.

The present extract is taken from the *Spectator*. Addison gives a reasoned exposition of certain characteristics of the English language as he found it 250 years ago. These views were shared by another master of the

language, Swift. Addison's style is simple and lucid. He offers illustrative examples to prove his point and develops his ideas logically. Other essays are enlivened with humour and gentle irony, urbanity and grace.

The English delight in silence more than any other European nation, if the remarks which are made on us by foreigners are true. Our discourse is not kept up in conversation, but falls into more pauses and intervals than in our neighbouring countries ; as it is observed, that the matter of our writings is thrown much closer together, and lies in a narrower compass than is usual in the works of foreign authors ; for to favour our natural taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our thoughts we do it in the shortest way we are able, and give as quick a birth to our conception as possible.

This humour shows itself in several remarks that we may make upon the English language. As first of a by its abounding in monosyllables, which give us an opportunity of delivering our thoughts in few sounds. This indeed takes off from the elegance of our tongue but at the same time expresses our ideas in the readiest manner, and consequently answers the first design of speech better than the multitude of syllables, which makes the words of other languages more tuneable and sonorous. The sounds of our English words are commonly like those of string music, short and transient, which rise and perish upon a single touch ; those of other languages are like the notes of wind-instruments sweet and swelling, and lengthened out into a variety of modulation.

In the next place we may observe, that where the words are not monosyllables, we often make them so, so much as lies in our power, by our rapidity of pronunciation ; as it generally happens in most of our long words which are derived from the Latin, where we contract the length of the syllables that gives them a grave and solemn air in their own language, to make them more proper for dispatch, and more conformable to the genius of our tongue. This we may find in a multitude of words, as as "liberty, conspiracy, theatre, orator," etc.

The same natural aversion to loquacity has of late years made a very considerable attention in our language by closing in one syllable the termination of our preterperfect tense, as in these words, "drown'd walk'd, arriv'd" for "drowned, walked, arrived", which has very much disfigured the tongue, and turned a tenth part of our smoothest words into so many clusters of consonants. This is the more remarkable, because the want of vowels in our language has been the general complaint of our politest authors, who nevertheless are the men that have made these retrenchments, and consequently very much increased our former scarcity.

This reflection on the words that end in ED, I have heard in conversation from one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced. I think we may add to the foregoing observation, the change which has happened in our language; by the abbreviation of several words that are terminated in "eth" by substituting an 's' in the room of the last syllable, as in "drowns, walks, arrives," and innumerable other words, which in the pronuncia-

tion of our forefathers were "drowneth, walketh, arriveth". This has wonderfully multiplied a letter which was before too frequent in the English tongue, and added to that hissing in our language, which is taken so much notice of by foreigners ; but at the same time humours our taciturnity, and eases us of many superfluous syllables.

I might here observe, that the same single letter on many occasions does the office of a whole word, and represents the "his" and "her" of our forefathers. There is no doubt but the ear of a foreigner, which is the best judge in this case, would very much disapprove of such innovations, which indeed we do ourselves in some measure, by retaining the old termination in writing, and in all solemn offices of our religion.

As in the instance I have given we have epitomized many of our particular words to the detriment of our tongue, so on other occasions we have drawn two words into one, which has likewise very much untuned our language, and clogged it with consonants—as "mayn't, can't, shan't, won't" and the like for "may not, cannot, shall not, will not", &c.

It is perhaps this humour of speaking no more than we needs must, which has so miserably curtailed some of our words, that in familiar writings and conversations they often lose all but their first syllables, as in "mob, rep, pos, iacog", and the like ; and as all ridiculous words make their first entry into a language by familiar phrases, I dare not answer for these, that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our tongue. We see

some of our poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate Hudibras's doggerel expressions in their serious compositions by throwing out the signs of our substantives which are essential to the English language. Nay, this humour of shortening our language, had once run so far, that some of our celebrated authors, among whom we may reckon Sir Roger L' Estrange in particular, began to prune their words of all superfluous letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the spelling to the pronounciation ; which would have confounded all our etymologies, and have quite destroyed our tongue.

We may here likewise observe, that our proper names, when familiarized in English, generally dwindle to monosyllables, whereas in other modern languages they receive a softer turn on this occasion, by the addition of a new syllable—Nick in Italian is Nicolini ; Jack in French Jeannot, and so of the rest.

There is another particular in our language, which is a great instance of our frugality of words, and that is the suppressing of several particles which must be produced in other tongues to make a sentence intelligible. This perplexes the best writers, when they find the relatives "whom", "which", or "they" at their mercy, whether they may have admission or not ; and will never be decided until we have something like an academy, that by the best authorities and rules drawn from the analogy of languages shall settle all controversies between grammar and idiom.

I have only considered our language as it shows the

genius and natural temper of the English, which is modest, thoughtful, and sincere, and which, perhaps, may recommend the people, though it has spoiled the tongue. We might, perhaps, carry the same thought into other languages, and deduce a great part of what is peculiar to them from the genius of the people who speak them. It is certain, the light talkative humour of the French has not a little infected their tongue, which might be shown by many instances : as the genius of the Italian, which is so much addicted to music and ceremony, has moulded all their words and phrases to these particular uses. The stateliness and gravity of the Spaniards shows itself to perfection in the solemnity of their language ; and the blunt honest humour of the German sounds better in the roughness of the High-Dutch, than it would in a politer tongue.

NOTES

taciturnity : reserved nature
transient : unessential
swelling : increase in volume and intensity
loquacity : talkativeness
greatest geniuses : Jonathan Swift (1667-1745)
epitomized : shortened
humour : peculiarity, eccentricity, characteristic
rep, pos : reputation, positive
Hudibras : from *Hudibras* by Samuel Butler (1612-1680) one of the wittiest poems in the English language
doggerel : verse of a trivial nature
signs of substantives : articles preceding nouns as in

When pulpit, drum ecclesiastic
Was beat with fist instead of a stick.

Sir Roger L' Estrange : One of the most important pioneers of modern journalism. Edited the *Observator* and translated AEsop

academy : a society for cultivating literature, art etc. the authority of which is recognised. Originally the garden near Athens in which Plato taught

stateliness and gravity : "courteous foreign grace"

Exercises

1. What characteristics of the English language have been mentioned by Addison ?
2. Why do the English suffer from the 'humour of frugality.' in speech ?
3. Frame sentences to use the following :
   taciturnity, epitomize, to the detriment of, all but, prune, academy, analogy, addicted to.

ON THE SELECTION OF BOOKS

BY

Hilaire Belloc

(All of us feel the need of a method to select books for reading and to eliminate undesirable ones. Taste being a personal matter, no one can really choose for another. Hilaire Belloc offers a rough and ready plan which will be found useful by many who are out to enjoy reading.

HILAIRE BELLOC was born near Paris in 1870 of French Catholic parents but was brought up in England and became naturalized there. He wrote poems and novels but made a mark as an essayist and writer of historical studies. There is a freshness and surprise in his writings. Commonplace ideas acquire through his pen a charm of expression. The present essay is characterised by a lightness of touch, a vein of genial irony and suave humour.)

It is astonishing what a herd of people now-a-days want to be told what to read. It has become a disease, spreading throughout the mass. I recoil from it with horror. Surely to goodness a man knows his own taste, and surely to gracious goodness a woman knows hers! But it would seem to have come to books as it has long

since come to wine, to pictures, to architecture, to furniture, to common morals, and even to the plain business of thinking and reasoning, that the paralysis of our time has destroyed all power of selection.

It is now a generation since a banker told the world what were the hundred best books in his, the banker's judgement. What service this could be to anyone I cannot imagine. Why a hundred, and how "best"? And for that matter what are the limits of "A book" in his sense? Is the Bible a book? Or the Book of Mormon (which I have yet to read, though I talked about it a good deal in Salt Lake City forty years ago with an elderly, longbearded, saturnine man, who is now, I hope, receiving his reward). Are the works, certain and doubtful, of William Shakespeare a Book? Is the larger Larousse, in twenty-odd fat volumes of close print, four columns a page, a book?

And again, what does such a list presuppose? Are you engaged in forgetting the world, or in learning it, or in producing a happy mood, or tickling yourself with horror, panic, cruelty, dirt, despair, and the general devilment? What are you after, you and your hundred best books........Forsooth?

And again I say Forsooth!

However, since there is this present craze for catching hold of other people's hand to help the blind through their darkness, I shall be happy to oblige with a set of simple rules which are my own for the selection of books. If you ask me what purpose that can serve, if

you tell me roughly that my private habits in this private matter concern no one but myself, I answer that I abound in your sense, that I agree with you from mascot to luggage carrier and from the sliding roof to the underside of the four tyres. I am wholly of your mind: for I would not myself take anybody else's advice in the matter, anyhow, and least of all would I advise anyone to take my own—for reasons which will shortly be apparent. But as hardly a day passes without my getting a letter on these lines of inanity as dozens of the things called "symposiums" are swept up together daily on those same fatuous lines, why, heregoes! You do not want to know on what principles I would select books? I will tell you on what principles I select books.

First, a selection means elimination. Now, there are published in England today (without making mention of the lesser breeds without the law in France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Italy and Spain, the two Americas, China, Africa, and the Vatican State) three hundred and twenty-four point six seven two recurring books (upon the average) every hour. Many of these are paid for, I am glad to say, through the siny vanity of their authors. On nearly all the others the publishers lose; but they make so much on the odd few that happen (no mortal can tell you why) to take with the public, that they well recover their losses in the gamble and are able to build those great places which everywhere delight the eye of us poor scribblers. (How often, wandering over the hills of England, have I seen from afar off a noble mansion in the Corinthian manner, and have asked a

passing swain, "Surely that is the seat of the Marquis of Carabas?" Who has replied, "Why, no, sir. It is where Mr. Barabbas, the publisher, lives." And I have gone away with a mist of tears before my eyes!)

Well, then, if books are pouring out at this rate, the first and main principle of selection is not to meddle with them at all if you can help it. Keep out of their way. Blow your horn vigorously and thread your way through the flock till you can get a clear road on the far side, and then buzz off.

There is, however, a frailty in man which compels him, in spite of himself, to read when once he has learnt to read, just as he is compelled to smoke when once he has broken himself in, with much nausea, through his teens, to the beastly habit of smoking. In spite of yourself you will find yourself picking up books, opening them at random and glancing at a line or two of the stodge within.

It is here that my second principle comes in. If, in such picking and choosing of a few words, you find a glimmer of sense, of humour, or of information, account yourself a discoverer and have a stab at the thing. It will probably prove not worth your while; the first page will be quite enough to tell you. But if it turns out just tolerable, why then, supposing you have nothing else to do, attempt to read it. You need not read it through.

My third principle in the choice of books is to go by externals; binding and title, but especially print and paper. Even a book worth reading, even one of the great classics (such as *The Tale of a Tub*), is the more

readable in strong, clear, square type on proper thick paper and with reasonable margins. It is on this account that the wise, when they desire to taste a library, prefer books printed in the later eighteenth century.

My fourth principle is this ; let the book you reluctantly persuade yourself to read be in your native language, unless, indeed, it be in Greek or Latin. One is sure to under-estimate or over-estimate a book in a modern foreign language which may lead one into accepting the opinions of others and that morass of literary snobbery in which a million drown every season.

You may now think that I have done ; but I have not, for I propose to conclude by contradicting myself. There is one kind of book that I do ferret out with joy, and I beg you all to copy my example. There is one kind of book for which I keep a sharp look-out and which I have come to recognise at a glance, instinctively, among a thousand titles in a catalogue of no matter what small print, or in the density of no matter what underwood of reviews—and that is the book written by an opponent : the book written in defence of what I hate.

The morsel is the more delicious if it be academic ; it can be received the more joyfully in proportion as it is all written, dull, unreadable and absurd. Fasten upon it with the twenty claws of your soul. Check the references. Blue-pencil the misprint. Score the anomalies, the great gaps in knowledge, the inconsistencies. It is savoury meat. It nourishes a man. O Combat ! I sufficiently praise you, even in this vapid field of letters ?

You are best in the perilous chances of Cythera, or in chase, or under sail, or in physical triumphs of the body, or in arms, but you are not to be despised even here in the realm of printer's ink ! Holy Writ, which is full of so many good things, confirms me, and gives me the right phrase with which to set a seal to my judgement. For of its many rhetorical optative phrases (which lon for the wing of a dove, for peace, for justice and, in exile, for the native land), none strikes a stronger chord in the human heart than that profound, that major cry, "Oh, that mine enemy had written a book !" I am glad to say he sometimes has.

NOTES

paralysis of our time : Common man seems to have lost the capacity for original thinking in all spheres owing to the press of business and commercialisation of life.

Book of Mormon : The religious sect of Mormons was founded by Joseph Smith who gave it forth in 1827 that he had discovered the *Book of Mormon.* It is a religious romance. The Mormons settled at Great Salt Lake in 1847. They believed in a plurality of wives though it is not the practice now.

talked about : many of us nowadays talk about things of which we have no first hand knowledge.

saturnine : sluggish.

Larouse : French grammarian and encyclopaedist (1817-1875). Completed *Grand Dictionnaire Universal.*

Forsooth : truly.

mascot : metallic sign on the bonnet of a car symbolising luck.

fartuous : silly.

Corinthian : fashionable. Corinth was an ancient classic city in Greece.

Barabbas : signifying a man of immense wealth. Barabbas is the name of a Jew thirsting for infinite wealth in Christopher Marlowe's play *The Rich Jew of Malta.*

Stodge : feast.

ferret out : search out.

Score : Mark.

Cythera : island colonized by Phoenicians who introduced worship of Aphrodite or Venus who was called Cytherea Cythereis and was supposed to have risen from the foam of the sea.

Holy Writ : the Bible.

optative : expressing a wish :

"Oh, that mine enemy had written a book !"

Exercises

1. Why is the author reluctant to offer advice on the choice of books ?
2. On what principles does the author select books ?
3. How does the author contradict himself ? What purpose does it serve to read a book in defence of what we hate ?
4. Are you satisfied with the author's principles ? If not, on what principles would you select books for reading ?
5. Frame sentences to use the following :—
   Craze, symposium, to take with the public, pouring out, not to meddle with, blow one's horn, thread one's way through, at random, anomalies.

———

SPORT AND TRAVEL

A TIGER HUNT

BY

E. V. Lucas

(This account of a tiger hunt takes us back to the days of the 'British Raj' in India when every 'white Saheb' would be assured of lavish and expensive welcome in the Provinces or the principalities of Indian rulers. But Lucas does not enjoy the diversion with the zeal and gratitude which generosity of this magnitude deserved. In fact he does not forget to indicate his disapproval which is rubbed in subtly and ironically. We look for an objective description but cannot help making a closer acquaintance of the author with his preferences and prejudices.

The author refers sarcastically to the array of twenty-five elephants, armed shikarees and blood-thirsty hunters merely to track down an 'inoffensive' man-eater. The deafening noise made when "Everyone was uttering something.........possibly himself" reveals the tense-ness of the situation as the author felt it. There is humour in the apparent humility and naivete of "one of these reports was the result of a pressure on a trigger applied by a *finger belonging to me*".)

To have the opportunity of hunting a tiger—on an

elephant too—which by a stroke of luck fell to me, is to experience the un-English character of India at its fullest. Almost everything else could be reproduced elsewhere—the palaces, the bazars, the caravans, the mosques and temples with their worshippers—but not the jungle, the Himalayas, the vast swamps through which our elephants waded up the Plimsoll, the almost too painful ecstasies of the pursuit of an eater of man.

The master of the chase, who has many tigers to his name was Sir Harcourt Butler, whose hospitality is famous, so large and warm is it, and so minute, and it was because he was not satisfied that the ordinary diversions of the "Lucknow Week' were sufficient for his guests, that he impulsively arranged a day's swamp-deer shooting on the borders of Nepaul. The time was short, or of elephants there would have been seventy or more ; as it was, we were apologized to (there were only about six of us) for the poverty of the supply, a mere five and twenty being obtainable. But to these eyes, which had never seen more than six elephants at once, and those in the captivity either of a zoo or a circus, a row of five and twenty was astounding. They were waiting for us on the plain, at a spot distant some score of miles by car, through improvised roads, from the station, whither an all-night railway journey had borne us. The name of the station, if I ever knew it, I have forgotten : there was no room in my heated brain for such trifles ; but I have forgotten nothing else.

It was after an hour and a half's drive in the cool and spicy early morning air—between the fluttering rags on

canes which told the driver how to steer—that we came suddenly in sight of some distant tents and besides them an immense long dark inexplicable mass which through the haze seemed now and then to move. As we drew nearer, this mass was discerned to be a row of elephants assembled in line ready to salute the Governor. The effect was more impressive and more Eastern than anything I had seen. Grotesque too—for some had painted faces and gilded toes, and not a few surveyed me with an expression in which the comic spirit was too noticeable. Six or seven had howdahs, the rest blankets : those with howdahs being for the party and its leader, Bam Bahadur, a noted Shikaree ; and the others to carry provisions and bring back the spoil. On the neck of each sat an impressive mahout.

To one to whom the pen is mightier than the gun and whose half-a-century's bag contains only a few rabbits, a hedgehog and a moorhen, it is no inconsiderable ordeal to be handed a repeating rifle and some dozens of cartridges and be told that that is your elephant—the big one there, with the red ochre on its forehead. To be on an elephant in the jungle without the responsibilities of a lethal weapon would be sufficient thrill for one day ; but to be expected also to deal out death, was too much. In the company of others, however, one can do anything ; and I gradually ascended to the top, not, as the accomplished hunters did, by placing a foot on the trunk and being swung heavenwards, but painfully, on a ladder ; by my side being a very keen Indian youth, the son of a minor

chieftain, who spoke English perfectly and was to instruct me in Nimrod's lore.

And so the procession started, and for a while discomfort set acutely in, for the movement of a howdah is short and jerky, and it takes some time both to adjust oneself to it and to lose the feeling that the elephant sooner or later—and probably sooner—must trip and fail. But the glory of the morning, the urgency of our progress, the novelty and sublimity of the means of transport, the strangeness of the scene, and my companion's speculations on the day's promise, overcame any personal want of ease and I forgot myself in the universal. Our destination was a series of marshes some six miles away, where the gonds—or swamp-deer—were usually found, and we were divided up, some elephants of which mine was one, taking the left wing, with instructions on reaching a certain spot to wait there for the deer who would move off in that direction; others taking the right wing ; and others beating up the middle.

We began with a trial of nervous stamina—for a river far down in its bed below us almost immediately occurred, and this had to be crossed. I abandoned all hope as the elephant descended the bank almost, as it seemed, perpendicularly, and plunged into the water with an enormous splash. But after he had sqeezed through, extricating himself with a gigantic wrench, the ground was level for a long while, and there was time to look around and recollect one's fatalism. Far ahead in a blue mist were the Himalayas. All about were unending,

fields, with here and there white cattle grazing. Cranes stretched their necks above the grass; now and then a herd of black-buck (which were blow our hunting ambitions) scampered away ; the sky was full of wild-duck and other water-fowl.

Of the hunting of the gond I should have something to say had not a diversion occurred which relegated that lively and elusive creature to an obscure place in the background. We had finished the beat, andmost of us had emerged from the swamp to higher ground where an open space, or maidan, corresponding to a drive in an English preserve, but on the grand scale, divided it it from the jugle—all our thought being set upon lunch—when suddenly across this open space passed a blur of yellow and black only a few yards from the nearest elephant. It was so unexpected and so quick that even trained eyes of my companion were uncertain. "Did you see ?" he asked me in a voice of hushed and wondering awe: "could that have been a tiger ?" I could not say, but I understood his excitement. For the tiger is the king of Indian carnivoroe, the most desired of all games. Hunters date their lives by them: such and such a thing happened not on the anniversary of their wedding day, not when their boy went to Balliol; not when they received the K.C.I.E., but in the year that they shot this or that man-eater.

That a tiger had really chanced upon us we soon ascertained. Also that it had been hit by the rifle on the first elephant and had disappeared into the jungle.

which consisted here-abouts of a grass some twenty feet high, bleached by the sun.

A Council of War followed, and we were led by Bam Bahadur on a rounding-up manoeuvre. According to his judgement the tiger would remain just inside the cover, and our duty was therefore to make a wide detour and then advance in as solid a semicircle as possible upon him and force him again into the open, where the hunter who had inflicted the first wound was to remain stationed. Accordingly all the rest of us entered the jungle in single file, our elephants treading down the grass with their great irresistible feet or wrenching it away with their invisible trunks. It was now that the shikaree was feeling the elephant shortage. Had there been seventy-five instead of only twenty-five, he said, all would be well : he could then form a cordon such as no tiger might break through. For lack of these others, when the time came to turn and advance upon our prey he caused fires to be lighted here and there where the gaps were widest, so that we forged onwards not only to the accompaniment of the shrill cries of the mahouts and the noise of plunging and overwhelming elephants, but to the fierce roar and crackle of burning stalks.

And thus, after an hour in this bewildering tangle, with the universe filled with sound and strangeness, and the scent of wood smoke mingling with the heat of the air, and the lust of the chase in our veins, we drew to the spot where the animal was guessed to be hiding, and knew that the guess was true by the demeanour of the

elephants. Real danger had suddenly entered into the adventure; and they showed it. A wounded tiger at bay can do deseprate things, and some of the elephants now refused to budge forward any more, or complied only with terrified screams. Some of the unarmed mahouts were also reluctant, and shouted their fears. But the shikaree was inexorable. There the tiger was, and we must drive it out.

Closer and closer we drew, until every elephant's flank was pressing against its neighbour, the outside ones being each at the edge of the open space; in the middle of which was the twenty-fifth with its vigilant rider standing tense with his rifle to his shoulder. The noise was now deafening. Everyone was uttering something, either to scare the tiger or to encourage the elephants or his neighbour or possibly himself; while now and then from the depths of the grass ahead of us came an outraged growl, with more than a suggestion of contempt in it for such unsportsmanship as could array twenty-five elephants, half-a-hundred men and a dozen rifles against one inoffensive wild beast.

And then suddenly the grass waved, there was a rustle and rush and a snarl of furious rage, and once again a blur of yellow and black crossed the open space. Six or more reports rang out, and to my dying day I shall remember, with mixed feelings, that one of these reports was the result of pressure on a trigger applied by a finger belonging to me. That the tiger was hit again—by other bullets than mine—was certain, but instead of

falling it disappeared into the jungle on the other side of the maidan, and again we were destined to employ enclosing tactics. It was now intensely hot, but nobody minded ; the chase was all ! The phrase 'out for blood' has taken on its literal primitive meaning.

The second rounding-up was less simple than the first because the tiger had more choice of hiding-places; but again our shikaree displayed his wonderful intuition, and in about an hour we ringed the creature in. That this was to be the end was evident from the electrical purposefulness which animated the old hands. The experienced shots were carefully disposed, and my own peace of mind was not increased by the warning 'If the tiger leaps on your elephant, don't shoot'—the point being novices can be very wild with their rifles under such conditions. As the question 'what shall I do instead ?' was lost in the tumult, the latter stages of this momentous drama were seen by these eyes less steadily and less whole than I could have wished. But I saw the tiger spring, growling, at an elephant removed some four yards from mine, and I saw it driven back by a shot from one of the native hunters. And then when after another period of anxious expectancy, it emerged again from the undergrowth, and sprang towards our host, I saw him put two bullets into it almost instantaneously ; and the beautiful obstinate creature fell, never to rise again.

NOTES

Palaces.........temples : this essay was written during the twenties of this century when foreigners travelling in

India made a superficial acquaintance of this country, saw its temples, mosques and bazars, and came to know its princes, beggars, snake-charmers, and nothing besides.

Plimsoll : the level marked on its outside to which a ship can be dipped with cargo. Here it means 'to their utmost'.

Sir Harcourt Butler : Governor of the pre-independence United Provinces of Agra and Oudh.

improvised : specially laid out for the purpose.

Eastern : Westerners believed that the east was full of potentates of fantastic wealth and power.

lethal : one that can cause death.

Nimrod : Son of Cush, descendent of Noah and the first monarch was a great hunter.

beat : noise or movement to rouse game.

carnivoroe : animals eating flesh.

manoeuvre : planned and skilful movement.

cover : grass or trees which could hide him.

lust of the chase : a hunter is not satisfied till he kills the game.

finger..... me : the author makes an attempt all through the essay to appear native which is amusing.

Exercise

1. What does the author mean by the 'un-English character of India' ? What part do elephants play in giving India that character ?
2. Give an account of the first rounding up.
3. Do you agree with the remark that the author has

made a subtle use of inory in describing the chase? If so, give instances.

4. What do you learn about the author from this essay?

5. Frame sentences of your own to use the following :— diversions, grotesque, the spoil, bag, beat up, nervous, stamina, manoeuvre, at bay, comply, out for blood.

تیری اور میری زندگی کانٹوں سے بھرپور ہے۔

तेरी और मेरी जिन्दगी काँटों से भरपूर है

تیری اور

ADVENTURE

1. Assault on Annapurna — *Maurice Herzog*

ASSAULT ON ANNAPURNA

BY

Maurice Herzog

* * *

(Maurice Herzog and his party successfully climbed Annapurna in 1950 before Sir Edmund Hilary and Tensing Norkay electrified the world with their conquest of Everest. To climb the 26,493 feet of Annapurna was an enviable record then.

Mountains present a challenge to man and it is a fine testimony to human endeavour that the greatest challenge of this kind has been met satisfactorily. Mr. Herzog's assault on Annapurna, though not so well-known as of his fellow-climbers on Everest, is a tribute to his organisation, endurance and prowess.

"The following pages", says Herzog in the preface to his book on the Annapurna expedition "record the actions of men at grips with Nature at her most pitiless, and tell of their sufferings, hopes and joys." He has seized upon experiences of vital interest to all mankind and narrated them in plain and unvarnished language. The account of the struggle is nevertheless gripping.)

The Sherpas joined us : we were at 24,600 feet and

the height distressed them badly. They could not speak a word and made signs that their heads were bursting. But we all had to set to work. With our axes we made a level space, and to do this on such a steep slope we had to move great quantities of snow. Every thirty seconds I had to rest. I felt as though I were suffocating, my breathing was quite out of control, and my heart pounded away. Yet the Sherpas, who were not in such good trim as we were, managed to carry on for five minutes without a break.

An hour later the shelf was ready : it was close to the rib and we were able to tether the tent two pitons which Lachenal drove into cracks in the the rock. At their own request, the Sherpas were allowed to return to Camp IV.

No word passed between Lachenal and myself, and our silence had something heavy and obsessive about it. This time we would not turn back.

A fierce wind sprang up and the nylon fabric of the tent flapped noisily. Several times we feared that the wind would blow the tent away, and at each gust we clung to the poles as a drowning man clings to a plank. It began to snow, and the storm howled and moaned around us. The air was fraught with terror, and in the end we became terrified too.

Every movement demanded a tremendous effort of will. There was no question of undressing. Pushing our boots to the bottom of our wonderful sleeping bags we tucked ourselves in.

Lachenal settled himself on the outer side of the tent while I curled up against the slope. It wasn't pleasant for either of us. Lachenal, on the edge of the precarious platform, felt as though he were slipping off into space, while I was threatened with suffocation under the snow which slid down and piled up persistently on the roof of the tent.

'It's made of nylon, and it's elastic,' I said to Lachenal, 'otherwise the fabric would give way'.

What a night ! Lachenal slid further and further towards the edge, and I felt more and more suffocated. We looked at the time repeatedly. The situation was beginning to be alarming : I could no longer breathe. The weight of the snow was literally crushing me.

We were worn out and utterly weary but the storm saw to it that we were kept wide awake.

On the third of June, 1950, the first light of dawn found us still clinging to the tent poles at Camp V. Gradually the wind abated, and with daylight died away altogether. I made desperate attempts to push back the soft yet icy mass which stifled me, but every movement had become almost an act of heroism. My mental powers were numbed ; thinking was an effort, and we did not exchange a single word.

What an abominable place it was ! For all who reached it, Camp V was to supply one of their most wretched experiences. We had only one thought—to get

away from it. We should have waited for the first rays of the sun, but at half-past five we felt we could not stick it any longer.

'Let's go, Biscante'.

'Yes, let's go'.

'No need for the rope, eh Biscante ?'

'No need', replied Lachenal laconically.

That was two pounds saved. I pushed a tube of condensed milk, some nougat and a pair of socks into my sack ; one never knew, the sock might come in useful—they might even do as Balaclavas. For the time being I put them with the first-aid equipment. The Foca was loaded with a black and white film, but I had a colour film in reserve. I pulled the cine-camera out from the bottom of my sleeping-bag, wound it up and tried letting it run blank. There was a little click, then it stopped and jammed.

'Bad luck after bringing it so far,' said Lachenal. We went outside and put on our crampons, which we kept on all day. We wore as many clothes as possible and our socks were very light. At six o'clock we started off. It was brilliantly fine, but also very cold. Our super-light weight crampons bit deep into the steep slopes of ice and hard snow, up which lay the first stage of our climb.

Later the slope became slightly less steep and more uniform. Sometimes the hard crust bore our weight, but at other times we broke through it and sank into soft powder-snow which made progress exhausting. We took it in turns to make the track, and often stopped

without any word having passed between us. I was perfectly aware of the low state of my intelligence. It was easiest just to stick to one thought at a time—safest too. Whenever we halted we stamped our feet hard ; Lachenal went as far as to take off one boot which was a bit tight : he was in terror of frost-bite. While Lachenal rubbed himself hard, I looked at the summits all round us ; already we over-topped them all except the distant Dhaulagiri. The complicated structure of these mountains, with which our many laborious reconnaissances had made us familiar, was now spread out plainly at our feet.

The going was incredibly exhausting, and every step was a struggle of mind over matter. We came out into the sunlight, and by way of marking the occasion made yet another halt. Lachenal continued to complain of his feet. 'I can't feel anything. I think I'm beginning to get frost-bite'. And once again he undid his boot.

This was most disturbing. It was my responsibility as leader to think for the others. There was no doubt about frost-bite being a very real danger.

Lachenal had laced his boots up again, and once again we began to force our way through the snow. The whole of the sickle glacier was now in view, bathed in light. We still had a long way to go to cross it, and then there was that rock band—would we find a gap in it ?

My feet, like Lachenal's, were very cold, and I continued to wriggle my toes, when we were moving. I could

not feel them, but that was not unusual in the mountains, and if I kept on wriggling them it would keep the circulation going.

Lachenal appeared to me as a sort of spectre—he was alone in his world, I in mine. But—and this was odd enough—any effort was slightly *less* exhausting than lower down—Perhaps it was hope lending us wings. Even through dark glasses the snow was blinding and the sun beat straight on the ice. Lachenal grabbed me ;

'If I go back, what will you do ?'

'I should go on by myself.'

I would go alone. If he wished to go down it was not for me to stop him. He must take his own choice freely.

'Then I will follow you.'

The die was cast. I was no longer anxious. I shouldered my responsibility. Nothing could stop us now from getting to the top. The psychological atmosphere changed with these words, and we went forward now as brothers.

The snow, sprinkled over every rock and gleaming in the sun, was of a radiant beauty that touched me to the heart. I had never seen such complete transparency ; I was living in a world of crystal. Sounds were indistinct, the atmosphere like cotton wool.

An astonishing happiness welled up in me, but, I could not define it. Everything was so new, so utterly unprecedented.

Did Lachenal share these feelings ? The summit ridge drew nearer and we reached the foot of the ultimate rock band. The slope was steep and the snow interspersed with rocks.

'Couloir !'

A fingre pointed. The whispered word from one to another indicated the key to the rocks—the last line of defence.

'What luck !'

The couloir up the rocks, though steep, was feasible. The sky was always a deep sapphire blue. With a great effort we made over to the right, avoiding the rocks ; we preferred to keep to the snow on account of our crampons and it was not long before we set foot in the couloir. It was fairly steep, and we had a minute's hesitation. Should we have enough strength left to overcome this final obstacle ?

Fortunately the snow was hard, and by kicking steps we were able to manage, thanks to our crampons. A false move would have been fatal. There was no need to make handholds—our axes, driven in as far as possible, served us for an anchor.

Lachenal went splendidly. What a wonderful contrast to the early days ! It was a hard struggle here, but he kept going. Lifting our eyes occasionally from the slope, we saw the couloir opening out on to—well, we didn't quite know, probably a ridge. But where was the top—left of right ? Stopping at every step, leaning on our axes, we tried to recover our breath and to calm down our hearts, which were thumping as though they

would burst. We knew we were there now, and that no difficulty would stop us. No need to exchange looks—each of us would have read the same determination in the other's eyes. A light detour to the left, a few more steps—the summit ridge came gradually nearer—a few rocks to avoid. We dragged ourselves up. Could we possibly be there ?

Yes !

We were on top of Annapurna ! 8,075 metres, 26,493 feet. Our hearts overflowed with an unspeakable happiness.

'If only the others would know'..............

If only everyone could know !

The summit was a corniced crest of ice, and the precipices on the far side, which plunged vertically down beneath us, were terrifying unfathomable. There could be few other mountains in the world like this. Clouds floated half way down, concealing the gentle, fertile valley of Pokhara, 23,000 feet below. Above us there was nothing !

Our mission was accomplished. But at the same time we had accomplished something infinitely greater. That brown rock, the highest of them all, that ridge of ice--were these the goals of a lifetime ? Or, were they, rather, the limits of man's pride ?

II

'Well, what about going down ?'

Lachenal shook me. What were his own feelings ? Did he simply think he had finished another climb, as

the Alps ? Did he think one could just go down again like that, with nothing more to it ?

'One minute, I must take some photographs.'

"Hurry up !"

I fumbled feverishly in my sack, pulled out the camera, and focused it on Lachenal.

"Now, will you take me ?"

"Hand it over—hurry up !" said Lachenal.

He took several pictuers and then handed me back the camera. I loaded a colour-film and we repeated the process to be certain of bringing back records to be cherished in the future.

"Are you mad ?" asked Lachenal. "We haven't a minute to lose : we must go down at once."

And in fact a glance round showed me that the weather was no longer gloriously fine as it had been in the morning. Lachenal was becoming impatient.

"We must go down !"

He was right.

The highest mountain to be climbed by man lay under our feet. The names of our predecessors on these heights chased each other through my mind : Mummery, Mallory and Irvine, Bauer, Welzenbach, Tilman, Shipton. How many of them were dead—how many had found on these mountains what, to them, was the finest end of all ?

My joy was touched with humility. It was not just one party that had climbed Annapurna today, but a whole expedition. I thought of all the others in the camp perched on the slopes at our feet, and I knew that

it was because of their efforts and their sacrifices that we had succeeded today.

'Come on, straight down', called Lachenal.

Lachenal was already far below; he had reached the foot of the couloir. I hurried down in his tracks. I went as fast as I could, but it was dangerous going. At every step one had to take care that the snow did not break away beneath one's weight. Lachenal, going faster than I thought he was capable of, was on the long traverse. It was my turn to cross the area of mixed rock and snow. At last I reached the foot of the rock band. I had hurried and I was out of breath. I undid my sack. What had I been going to do?

I could not say.

"My gloves!"

Before I had time to bend over, I saw them slide and roll. They went further and further straight down the slope. I remained where I was, quite stunned. What was I to do?

"Quickly, down to Camp V."

Rebuffat and Terray should be there. My concern dissolved like magic. I now had a fixed objective again: to reach the camp. Never for a minute did it occur to me to use as gloves the socks which I always carry in reserve for just such a mishap as this.

On I went, trying to catch up with Lachenal. It had been two o'clock when we reached the summit: we had started out at six in the morning: but I had to admit that I had lost all sense of time. I felt as if I were running whereas in actual fact I was walking normally,

perphaps rather slowly, and I had to keep stopping to get my breath.

Lachenal disappeared from time to time, and then mist was so thick that I lost sight of him altogether. I kept going at the same speed, as fast as my breathing would allow.

The slope was now steeper : a few patches of bare ice followed the smooth stretches of snow. A good sign—I was nearing the camp. The ground was broken : with my cramrons I went straight down walls of bare ice. There were some patches ahead—a few more steps. It was the camp all right, but there were two tents.

So Rebuffat and Terray had come up. What a mercy I should be able to tell them that we had been successful. How thrilled they would be.

I got there, dropping down from a above.

'We've made it. We're back from Annapurna !

Rebuffat and Terray received the great news with excitement and delight.

"But what about Bicante ?" asked Terray anxiously. 'He won't be long. He was just in front of me ! What a day—started out at six this morning—didn't stop...... get up at least.'

Terray, who was speechless with delight, wrung my hands. Then the smile vanished from his face : 'Maurice—your hands !' There was an uneasy silence. I had forgotten that I had lost my gloves : my fingers were violet and white, and hard as wood. The other two stared them in dismay—they realized the full seriousness of the injury.

'Hi ! Help ! Help!'

'Biscante !' exclaimed the others.

Terray felt a chill at his heart. Putting his head out, and seeing Lachenal clinging to the slope a hundred yards lower down, he dressed in frantic haste.

Out he went. But the slope was bare now ; Lachenal had disappeared. Terray was horribly startled, and could only utter unintelligible cries. It was a ghastly moment for him. A violent wind sent the mist tearingly by. Under the stress of emotion Terray had not realised how it falsified distances.

He had spotted him through a rift in the mist, lying on the slope much lower down than he had thought. Terray set his teeth, and glissaded down like a mad-man. How could he stop ? How would he be able to brake, without crampons, on the wind-hardened snow ? But Terray was a first class skier, and with a jump-turn he stopped beside Lachenal, who was concussed after his tremendous fall. In a state of collapse, with no ice-axe, balaclava, or gloves and only one crampon he gazed vacantly round him. With great difficulty, Terray dragged Lachenal to the tent.

NOTES

Sherpas : porters engaged for carrying loads to the Himalayas.

pounded away : beat strongly and fast.

shelf : level space for pitching the tent.

pitons : metal spike with a ring in the head which can be driven into rock or ice.

nouqat : sweetmeat of sugar.

Balaclavas : woollen caps.

Crampons : spiked metallic sole for shoes.

reconnaissance : survey.

wriggle : stretch and move.

couloir : gully or furrow of rock, ice or snow in a mountain side.

anchor : support.

cornice : Overhanging mass of snow or ice along a ridge.

traverse : horizontal crossing.

glissaded : to slide down a snow slope, either sitting or standing.

concussed : violently shaken, shocked.

Exercises

1. Narrate some of the most extraordinary experiences you have had on a hike.
2. Describe the state of the mind of the two adventurers at different stages of the assault.
3. What physical difficulties did Maurice Herzog and Biscante Lachenal come across on their way to the top and back again to camp ?
4. Make a list of the appliances and equipment needed in mountaineering and describe the use of each.
5. Make sentences to use the following : pounded away, in good trim, fraught with, no question of, stamp one's feet, wriggle, the die was cast, lost sight of.

SCIENCE & LIFE

Plants & Metals

The Discoveries of Bose *T.C. Bridges.*

THE DISCOVERIES OF BOSE

BY

S. C. Bridges

(If the last chapter reveals the mysteries of living in the animals, the present extract focusses our attention on the mysteries in the existence of plants and metals. The writer here explains the experiments conducted by the late Jagdish Chandra Bose in the study of plant life and metals. If Darwin placed the concept of evolution before us in the last century, Bose made no less revolutionary a discovery that plants live, experience heart-throbs and nerve-shocks like animals, and that their process of death resembles our own. His study of metals is also very interesting. He invented many delicate instruments to demonstrate his discoveries, the most important of which is that plants have hearts.

After attending a lecture of Bose in 1926 before the British Association at Oxford, Einstein solemnly declared that Bose ought to have a statue erected in his honour in the capital of the League of Nations. He founded a research institute where research work started by him is being carried on.)

PLANTS

The discoveries of Jagdish Chandra Bose are so

marvellous that it is difficult to believe them. They seem to be far more like fairy tales than records of scientific fact. Listen to what he says himself:

"Hitherto we have regarded trees and plants, as not akin to us because they are the voiceless of the world, but I will show you that they are sensible creatures in that they really exist and can answer your questions. When it receives a shock the leaf of this mimosa drops and we have invented an apparatus by means of which this answer can be converted into intelligible script. We began by attaching the dropping leaves to a lever seeking to get the response actually written on paper, but the resistance of movement over paper was too great, so the lever was set to vibrate at one thousand times a second and a musical note was sounded. Now we could measure the effect on the lever to a thousandth part of a heart-beat.

"Our hearing ranges through no fewer than eleven octaves, but our sight through only one octave of light. Anything that does not range between red and violet we cannot see. Yet the plant actually sees the ultra-violet and even those ether-waves which bring to us wireless concerts.

"It is not unlikely that plants have a sixth sense. In certain of my experiments I have noticed—I say it with caution, because I do not want to appear to magnify the truth; that truth exists and we intend to find it—that while a plant was recording

2. throbbing the pulsing was affected by the approach of certain people, but became normal again when they went away. Generally a plant took twelve minutes to recover from the blow."

The instruments invented by Sir Jagdish for the purpose of measuring the pulses of plants are amazingly delicate. The movements of a plant are so slow that even the sluggish progress of a snail is six thousand times faster than the growth of a plant, whose average rate is one-millionth part of an inch per second. One inch in a million seconds that is the average growth, but some plants, such as the bamboo, grow much more rapidly. A bamboo shoot grows from nine to twelve inches in twenty-four hours.

Sir Jagdish first tried to solve the problem by means of a delicately poised system of compound levers, but friction of contact at the bearings limited magnification to ten thousand times, which was not sufficient for his purpose. Then he tried a single magnetic lever, which by its movement rotated a delicately poised astatic needle (a needle which is unaffected by the earth's rotation). A spot of light reflected on a screen from a tiny mirror attached to the needle gave a magnification which could be increased from a million to a hundred million times. This magnified the highest power of a microscope no less than one hundred thousand times. He called this machine the crescograph (growth-recording machine), and some idea of its power may be gathered from the fact that if attached to a snail it would show this slowest of creatures as shooting forward at the rate of two hundred million feet an hour. Sir Jagdish says :

"Plants have hearts. Long before I invented crescograph I was already certain that sap-pressure rising in the stem worked in almost exactly the same way as blood driven by the human heart. In other words the pressure was not constant, but came in beats. The crescograph gave definite proof that every surmise was correct. The actual rate of the pulsation of sap in a cyclamen proved to be the one hundred-thousandth part of an inch per second but when the leaf was placed on the magnetic needle of the instrument the spot of light curved to and fro on the screen at the rate of ten feet in twelve seconds."

His instruments are so marvellously delicate that he has been able to prove that plants respond to wireless stimulation which is beyond the limit of human perception. Here is an instance of his methods. He takes a mimosa (the sensitive plant already mentioned) and brings this up under glass, screened from all shock and discomfort. To all appearances, it flourishes and grows fat, yet when tested it proves sluggish. It no longer responds, like its wild brother to stimulation. A graph of its slow movements is taken ; these provide a startling contrast to the complete collapse of the wild mimosa.

Then Sir Jagdish poisons a plant, placing the stem in bromide, and the plant is made to inscribe the throbbing pulsations due to the action of the poison. The result suggests the flutterings of a living creature struggling for life.

Thousands of years ago Indian doctors discovered

that a very small amount of the poison from the fangs of a cobra administered in the form of a solution had the effect of reviving dying patients. Sir Jagdish has discovered that this solution of cobra poison will quicken the heart beats of a plant.

The human tongue is very sensitive to electric currents, and in this respect an Indian is on an average twice as sensitive as a European. It has been found by experiment that different individuals and different races vary enormously in their response to changes of temperature, of pressure, and of light. Some people can hear the high-pitched squeak of the bat, others cannot : some are intensely sensitive to draughts, others get a headache before a thunderstorm. The ant perceives the rays beyond the violet which are invisible to men, and many birds seem to have a magnetic sense which guides them on long flights out of sight of land.

In the same way plants are found to vary greatly in their powers of perception. Sir Jagdish has shown, for instance, that a tree can notice the passing of a cloud between itself and the sun. With his delicate instruments he has proved that it reacts—you might almost say 'shivers'. And plants are far more sensitive to electric currents than man. The biophytum, for instance, has been proved to be eight times more sensitive than even the most sensitive human tongue.

On the other hand, plants are slower in their response to such stimuli. In man or other animals there is an appreciable time between the spur and the reaction. If you prick your foot with a needle the message of pain

has to be flashed from the foot to the brain and back by means of a chain of nerves. In a frog this interval is about one-hundredth of a second, but in a plant it is fifty to seventy-five times as long, and the interval is longer in cold weather than in warm. It is also lengthened by fatigue. In other words, if you try the same experiment several times on the same plant, the plant gets tired and the latent period—as it is called—grows longer and longer. Sir Jagdish considers that the line of cells along which the impulse passes in a plant resembles the human man nerves, and that the plant begins to show traces of mind.

There is a practical result from all this work, for Sir Jagdish discovered a large number of plants which have medicinal properties, the existence of which had never before been suspected. Some of these are especially useful in cases of failing heart action.

METALS

Sir Jagdish has done much more than enlarge our knowledge of plants. He has worked on metals and discovered that they too have the vital force. Metal-workers have known for a long time past that metals can suffer from fatigue. For that matter, every man who owns razors knows that it is not good to use the same blade day after day. A razor in daily use gets duller and duller, even if stropped afresh at each time of using; but if it be laid aside for a few days it will recover its keen edge. The X-ray has demonstrated that rest causes the disturbed molecules to fall back into their original positions.

Sir Jagdish uses the galvanometer to test the fatigue of metals. The galvanometer is a delicate instrument used for detecting the presence of electric currents. Diagrams from galvanometer tests show that metal resembles muscle in that its sensitiveness grows less and less under repeated stimulation.

But Sir Jagdish has gone farther than this. We all know the effect of great cold on our own bodies, which grow numb. If your hand is half frozen you may cut it badly without feeling the pain. Then as regards animals, creatures such as hedgehogs lie, all the winter, in a sleep that resembles death. Sir Jagdish proved that metals, like animals, are most sensitive at temperatures characteristic of summer, while in frost or in great heat their sensitiveness rapidly diminishes. More wonderful still, he has shown that metals are affected by stimulants and by narcotics. A dose of bromide puts the human brain to sleep and a dose of bromide of potassium administered to a block of tin makes it lose much of its normal sensitiveness.

The parallel between man and metals has been carried even farther. A large dose of opium deadens all the human senses, but a small dose make them more active. Metals react in a corresponding way.

More marvellous still, metals can be killed by poison, like animals. A piece of metal in a healthy condition was taken and tested ; the galvanometer showed that it was in full vigour. Then it was treated with a dose of oxalic acid, a strong poison. At once there was a spasmodic

flutter, then the galvanometer signals grew more and more feeble, until they almost ceased. A powerful antidote was applied, and slowly the metal began to recover and to record again. The metal was given a rest, and soon recovered its normal activity.

Then the experiment was carried out a second time, the metal being kept in the bath of poison until the signals ceased altogether. The metal was then taken out and the antidote applied. It was too late. The metal had been killed. Sir Jagdish varied the experiment by using other metals, but in each case the result was the same.

This is a very strange thing, for apparently, of course, the poison affects only the outside of the metal, by rusting it. Yet actually the entire molecular structure of the metal is affected. It appears that the metals we use in our knives, pens, motor-cars and so forth are dead, or at least in a state of coma caused by the enormous temperatures and the pounding which they have suffered. But the foregoing experiments make it conceivable that in future we may make use of live metals in ways as yet untried.

Sir Jagdish ranks as one of the most original of scientific explorers, for he is the first to prove that the three kingdoms of matter—the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral—are one in essence, and that the distinction previously drawn between organic and inorganic matter is based on a false assumption.

NOTES

tentacles : Sensitive hair or filament.

Einstein : World famous scientist known for his outstanding work on relativity.

biophytum : A plant found to be very sensitive to electric currents.

cyclamen : A plant grown for its early-blooming white pink or red flowers.

Hedgehog : A small insect-eating animal covered with spines.

Exercises

(1) State how Bose establishes that plants have life.

(2) What does he say about metals ?

(3) What do you learn from this extract about the life and work of Sir J. C. Bose ?

(4) Use in sentences of your own :—
response, resistance, sensitive, stimulant, pulsation, administer, revive.

HISTORY

1. The Return of Napoleon — Philip Guedella
2. Women and India's Struggle for Freedom — Jawaharlal Nehru

THE RETURN OF NAPOLEON

BY

Philip Guedella

(After his defeat in 1814 Napoleon was forced to abdicate and the successful allied nations confined him to the island of Elba off the coast of Italy. He was allowed to retain the title of "Emperor" and a body-guard of nearly a thousand veterans. At the Congress of Vienna diplomats were hard at work on the task of settling order. French frontiers were being pushed back to their pre-1792 position and "loving hands replaced fragile monarchies like precious china, each in its proper niche". There were, of course, many disagreements among the allies and taking advantage of this situation Napoleon escaped from Elba, landed on the shore of France and won his way to Paris without firing a shot.

In the *Hundred Days* from which this extract is taken, Philip Guedella gives a vivid account of the course of events in France and Europe from February 26, 1815, when Napoleon slipped out of Elba to his defeat at Waterloo, a little over three months later. In the following pages Napoleon appears at his best not only as a military adventurer who won over soldiers out to bring him in chains to Paris but also as a clever prose-writer

he spell of whose proclamations was too strong for the people to resist.

The narrative has rapid movement and many dramatic glimpses are given in this extract. The reader share the excitement of the Frenchmen of March, 1815, and many incidents narrated herein have an indelible mark on one's memory. Besides the *Hundred Days* Guedella has written biographies of the Duke of Wellington (*The Duke*) and Sir Winston Churchill : *Winston Churchill, A Portrait.*)

It had been a croweded day in Paris. But three hundred miles away Napoleon was sleeping to the sound of dancing in the streets of Gap. Now he was in the heart of Dauphine ; and there was little room for doubt as to its sentiments, since the whole town turned out to see him on his way the next afternoon, and one village on their line of march had to be restrained from coming with him in a body. His proclamations, it was plain, had done their work, and the countryside was swept by the revolutionary appeal. He was accepted by the peasants of the south-east as the people's emperor. But there were other parts of France with a less radical tradition. How would they take his reappearance ? And perhaps the cities would be less easy to convince than the villages. Rustics will always rally to a promise of a good title to someone else's land ; but the large towns might prove more difficult. What would Lyons think of him ? That still remained to be seen. Paris, at any rate, showed little sign of sudden conversion. The intruder had not yet encountered the King's troops, and if they stood their

ground, Napoleon was neatly trapped. For Massena's men barred every road behind him, and in front the royal garrisons were waiting to receive him all the way from Grenoble to Paris. What kind of a reception would it be? That was the test.

He faced it the next afternoon, when he came round a bend and found an infantry battalion across the road. The Emperor dismounted in some excitement and swept them with his glass. Presently a mob of his rural followers surged up the road, waving his proclamations at the stolid line of infantry; but there was no response. One of his officers enquired of the commander if his men would shoot, eliciting the grim reply that he proposed to do his duty. They watched the lancers ride towards them, and behind the lancers they could see the tall bearskins of the Guard. It was a most uncomfortable encounter for a battalion of the Line; and as they showed little taste for it, their commander wisely ordered a retreat. But the lancers clattered up behind the rear files of the retreating infantry too close for his composure, and he halted his command once more across the road. The infantry fixed bayonets; and there was an uneasy pause, as the lancers wheeled off to safety. The Emperor, a small figure outlined against the dark wall of his grenadiers paced towards them. By the orders the the men behind him had reversed their arms as a reassuring gesture to the Line battalion facing them. A frantic captain yelled an order:

"There he is. Fire!"

The words rang out: but there was no rattle of

musketry on the still afternoon. The scared infantry watched the square figure come towards them. Then it stopped, and they could hear a level voice.

"Men of the fifth," it said, "I am your Emperor. Know me."

Still there was not a sound; and in the silence he came nearer, opening his great coat.

"If there is one of you," the even voice went on "who would kill his Emperor, here I am." That ended the long silence. There was a roar of "*Vive l' Empereur !*" as they broke their ranks to cheer him, crowding round to touch his sword, his coat, even his boots. Their white cockades were off, their shakoes whirling in the air aloft upon their muskets. For the test was over; and it was plain that afternoon at the pass of Laffray that the rank and file of the King's army was for Napoleon.

The villages poured out to meet them. One Bonapartist colonel brought over his entire battalion marching behind its eagle; and the whole tumultuous procession swept on towards Grenoble. It was quite dark when they arrived outside the town. The town gates were shut and there were guns upon the walls. A shouting mob of peasants crowded the approaches, waving torches in the night and cheering the Emperor; and the same cry came back from the soldiers on the walls. Their officers made vain appeals.

After two hours of pandemonium they forced the

gate ; and Napoleon swept into Grenoble on a flood of wildly cheering men. A pleasing courtesy impelled a crowd of workmen to bring the fragments of the town gate to his hotel.

The first stage was over. It was March 7, and Napoleon had been just a week in France.

A day's halt at Grenoble was spent in receiving loyal deputations and inspecting his new troops. Five regiments with pounding drums and tricolour cockades went roaring past him, as he sat his horse. He felt for Lyons the next morning, and the drive through Dauphine was triumphal. A mob of chanting villagers marched beside his carriage, as the whole countryside turned out to welcome him ; and the delirious procession moved across France. What would France make of them ?

The strange infection had not yet reached Paris, where an incautious Bonapartist, who had been rash enough to shout, "*Vive l' 'Empereur* !" outside the Tuileries, was soundly beaten by the canes and umbrellas of angry citizens. The episode was reassuring as a proof of loyalty among the owners of umbrellas. But there were other classes of the community ; and in those parts of Paris where umbrellas were not habitually carried an uncomfortable stir began to show itself. In the provinces there was a sporadic tendency towards sedition ; stray individuals scrawled revolutionary sentiments on walls, crowds inconsequently bawled, "*Vive l' Empereur* !" and the troops seemed to watch the rising tumult in an uneasy silence.

But Napoleon was marching north with 10,000 men ; and there was nothing between him and the throne except the possibility of concentrating an effective force to bar the road to Paris and Ney's command at BesanCon. The Marshal's mental processes were odd. He had left Paris with his loyalty to King Louis at boiling-point and a rash promise to bring back Napoleon in an iron cage. He might attack Napoleon in flank, if he could count upon his men. But could he? And was he sure of his own mind ? The growing uproar in the provinces affected him, and his loyalty was sadly strained by the news from Lyons. He felt a genuine distaste for starting a civil war. Someone had given him a copy of the Emperor's proclamation, and he put it in his pocket without apparent interest. But it impressed him deeply.

"They don't write like that now-a-days," he said. "The King ought to write like that. That is the right way to talk to soldiers."

And the big, red-headed man tramped up and down his room declaiming the more telling passages about the eagle and the tricolour and the pinnacles of Notre Dame. Good prose, it seemed, had a strange power over men of action. Not that his resolve to fight had vanished, but it was shaken. Gnawed by uncertainty, he began to think less favourably of the Bourbons. He was still waveringly loyal ; but the next assault completely broke his resolution. For a letter from the Emperor invited Ney to meet him and assured him that his welcome would be as "warm as on the morning after the Moskowa". This was quite irresistible. Was not Ney prince of the Moskowa ?

How could he lead a hesitating force against the memory of his own past? Parading his command, he announced his new allegiance to the cheering ranks and rode off to meet his Emperor. They met at Auxerre.

Napoleon's prose had cost the King a Marshal.

The pace was growing hotter now. It was March 18, and the lights of Paris were barely a hundred miles away. He had been seventeen days on the road; the people's Emperor swept up the road to Paris at the rate of fifty miles a day.

Paris was in a fever. The troops maintained an awkward silence. Their attitude, indeed, was neatly summarized by the humorist who tied a notice to the railing in the Place Vendome: "Napoleon to Louis XVIII: My good brother, there is no need to send more soldiers. I have enough already.

Disturbing for the King's supporters, the third week of March was no less exciting for marked Bonapartists. Hortense packed off her little boys to cover and took refuge in an attic belonging to an old coloured nurse from Martinique. For at such moments the King's police were likely to give trouble to the Emperor's relations.

The town began to empty, and the army made no effort to conceal its sympathies. On Sunday night Napoleon was only fifty miles away. The ministers were packing up all day: and a little before midnight a line of carriages drew up at the Tuileries. There was a silence

until the King came out ; and then a sad-eyed circle watched him climb heavily into his seat and take the road again. The carriages drove off into the night, and Paris waited.

It had not long to wait. Early the next morning (it was March 20) the town began to stir. From the window of her hiding-place Hortense could see the painter opposite, who generally wore the royal colours, without his customary decoration ; and he appeared to be engaged in dusting with a feather mop the full-length portrait of a worthy who had been Minister of the Interior under the Empire. One by one, Napoleon's supporters emerged from cover. Hortense, emerging cautiously, saw all the shopkeepers along the boulevards taking down their royal signs and putting up the bees and eagles of the Empire. The streets were full of workmen shouting, "Vive l' Empereur" and hoarse-voiced orators on borrowed tables exercised their eloquence, while Paris waited for events with crowded cafes and shut shops.

The Emperor had left for Fountainbleau at dawn, intending to sleep a few miles out of Paris. But the news of the King's flight changed his plans.

"Good", he remarked, "I shall be at the Tuileries to-night", and resumed his drive down the long avenue of cheering men.

'What time would he arrive ? And who would meet him ?' That problem was exercising many minds in Paris. In the evening Hortense was summoned to the Tuileries ;

and as her carriage drove up to the palace, she got a round of cheers. Inside there was a cheerful galaxy of dignitaries. Six dukes, two Marshals, and a cloud of generals had put on their uniforms to meet the Emperor. Their ladies waited in the full splendour of bare shoulders and high waists; and everyone was wearing violets. The scene was quite imperial except for an unhappy prevalence of *fleurs de lys* on the palace carpet, until somebody made the gay discovery that it was possible to pull them off, revealing the imperial bees underneath. Careless of their magnificence, a line of kneeling ladies set to work; and in half an hour the carpet in the throne-room was a good Bonapartist once again.

As the evening wore on, the palace waited with lighted windows. About nine o'clock a roaring cavalcade of mounted men clattered up with a carriage. The carriage stopped; someone was lifted out of it and borne shoulder-high across the courtyard through a raving pandemonium of men in uniform. In front of him a man backed slowly, pushing a way through the press and repeating feverishly into his face an ecstatic litany of "C'est vous! C'est vous! C'est vous!" And Napoleon, his eyes closed and an Egyptian smile carved on his lips, was carried like an idol by demented military worshippers past the door and up the stairs into the Tuileries.

That night the reign began.

NOTES

Gap: a small town on river Luye in the south east of France.

Dauphine : an old province in the south east of France.

proclamations : Napoleon had drafted his proclamations to the people of France on board the brig which carried him across to his country from Elba. One of them ran : "The eagle with the tricolour will fly from steeple to steeple until it reaches the pinnacles of Notre Dame. Then you may show your scars...... In your declining years, honoured by your fellow-countrymen, they will gather round you respectfully to hear the tale of your great deeds, and you will say with pride, 'Yes, I was one of them, one of the Grande Armee that marched into Vienna twice and into Rome, Berlin, Madrid, and Moscow, and redeemed Paris from shame'.......... Trample the white cockade.... How long will you serve a prince who owes his seat upon the throne to a Prince Regent of England ?....")

Massena : a French general.

bearskins : the body-guard of Napoleon who wore tall furry caps.

Pandemonium : a scene of great excitement.

Vive l' Empereur : long live the emperor.

cockades : rosette worn in hats, emblem of French Kings.

News from Lyons : At Lyons when the brother of the King inspected the troops, a dragoon refused to say "Vive le roi !" That same evening a mob of cheering rustics formed the vanguard of the procession which brought Napoleon in. The streets were packed and roaring.

Hortense : step-daughter of Napoleon.

Mastinique : One of the French West India islands in the Antilles group.

Tuileries : the palace of the kings in France dating from 1564.

bees and eagles : emblems of Napoleon.

Fleurs de lys : the flower of the lily, former national emblem of France superseded by the Tricolour in 1789.

litany : prayer, petition.

C'est vous : that is you.

Exercises

1. Give a brief account of the progress of Napoleon from Gap to Paris.
2. What do you learn about Napoleon's personality from this narrative ? What was the secret of his success ?
3. "The mob is always fickle-minded." Do you agree with this saying after you have read through the chapter ? Illustrate from the text.
4. Use in sentences of your own :—
   a less radical tradition, rally, reception, too close for his composure, poured out, sporadic tendency, strained, pandemonium.

WOMEN AND INDIA'S STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM

BY

Jawaharlal Nehru

India waged a non-violent war to win freedom from the British. Thousands of people courted imprisonment by defying the laws made by the government without consulting the people. One major struggle of this kind was launched by the Indian National Congress under the leadership of Gandhiji in 1930 soon after Jawaharlal Nehru became Congress President.

Though the woman of India have traditionally been regarded as shy, retiring and stay-at-home, they splendidly responded to the country's call. Forgetting their homes, their husbands and even their children, they courted imprisonment by breaking laws. The ladies of the Nehru family in no way lagged behind their menfolk in sharing the honour of suffering for the country's freedom.

Besides being a statesman and leader, Jawaharlal Nehru is also a great thinker and writer. He is regarded as a fine master of English prose and his writings, especially his autobiography from which this extract has been chosen, have been translated into numerous langu-

ages all over the world. Nehru is restrained and sober in his narrative which he endows with life and vigour by a subtle touch here and there. The author of *Anatomy of Prose* remarks about the present extract, "Nehru appears to make his impression by simple statement, though actually his impressively sincere and natural style is probably the fruit of a very fine conscious or unconscious selection. The introduction of a personal emotion here (in reference to the assault on his mother) is the more effective and convincing......")

Many strange things happened in those days, but undoubtedly the most striking was the part of the women in the national struggle. They came out in large numbers from the seclusion of their homes and though un-used to public activity, threw themselves into the heart of the struggle. The picketing of foreign cloth and liquor shops they made their preserve. Enormous processions consisting of women alone were taken out in all the cities, and generally, the attitude of the women was more unyielding than that of the men. Often they became Congress dictators in provinces and in local areas.

Those were days of stirring news—processions and lathi charges and firing, frequent hartals to celebrate noted arrests, and special observances, like Peshawar Day, Garhwali Day, etc. For the time being the boycott of foreign cloth and all British goods was almost complete. When I heard that my aged mother and, of course, my sisters used to stand under the hot summer sun picketing before foreign cloth shops, I was greatly moved. Kamla

did so also, but she did something more. She threw herself into the movement in Allahabad city and district with an energy and determination which amazed me, who thought I had known her so well for so many years. She forgot her ill-health and rushed about the whole day in the sun and showed remarkable powers of organisation.

Ths New Year's Day, the first of January, 1931 brought us the news of Kamla's arrest. I was pleased, for she had so longed to follow many of her comrades to prison.

Ordinarily, if they had been men, both she and my sister and many other women would have been arrested long ago. But at that time the Government avoided, as far as possible, arresting women, and so they had escaped for so long. And now she had her heart's desire ! How glad she must be, I thought. But I was apprehensive for she was always in weak health, and I feared that prison conditions might cause her much suffering.

As she was arrested, a pressman who was present asked her for a message, and on the spur of the moment and almost unconsciously. she gave a little message that was characteristic of her : "I am happy beyond measure and proud to follow in the footsteps of my husband. I hope the people will keep the flag flying." Probably she would not have said just then that if she had thought over the matter, for she considered herself a champion of woman's right against tyranny of man. But at that moment the Hindu wife in her came uppermost and even man's tyranny was forgotten.

The Government had somehow got hold of the idea that Congress was going to exploit women in the struggle by filling the gaols with them, in the hope that women would be well treated or would get light sentences. It was fantastic notion, as if any-one likes to push his women folk into prison. Usually when the girls or women took an active part in camp-aign, it was inspite of their fathers or brothers or hus-bands, or at my rate, not with their full cooperation. Gov-ernment, however, decided to discourage women by long sentences and bad treatment in prison. Soon after my sister's arrest and conviction, a number of young girls, mostly 15 or 16 years old, met in Allahabad to discuss what they could do. They had no experience but were full of enthusiasm and wanted advice. They were arrest-ed as they were meeting in private house, and each them was sentenced to two years' rigorous imprisonment. This was a minor incident one of many that were occurring all over India from day to day. Most of the girls and wom-men who were sentenced had a very bad time in prison, even worse than the men had. I heard of many painfull instances, but the most extraordinary account that I saw was one prepared by Miraben (Medeleine Slade) giving her experiences, together with those of other civil dis-obedient prisoners, in Bombay gaol.

The lot of our womanfolk in prison was especially hard and painfull to contemplate. They were mostly middle-class women, accustomed to sheltered life, and suffering chiefly from many repressions and customs pro-duced by a society dominated to his own advantage by man. The call of freedom had always a double meaning

for them, and the enthusiasm and energy with which they threw themselves into a struggle had no doubt their springs in the vague and hardly conscious, but nevertheless intense desire to rid themselves of domestic slavery also. Excepting a very few, they were classed as ordinary prisoners and placed with the most degraded of companions, and often under horrid conditions. I was once lodged in a barrack next to a female enclosure, a wall separating us. In that enclosure there were, besides their own convicts, some women political prisoners, including one who had been my hostess and in whose house I had once stayed. A high wall separated us, but it did not prevent me from listening in horror to the language and curses which our friends had to put up with from the women convict warders.

The months went by bringing their daily tale of good news and bad, and we adapted ourselves to our respective prisons, to our dull and monotonous routine. The National Week came—April 6th to 13th—and we knew that this would witness many an unusal happening. Much, indeed, happended then; but for me everything else paled before one occurrence. In Allahabad my mother was in a procession which was stopped by the police and later charged with lathis. When the procession had been halted someone brought a chair, and she was sitting on this on the road at the head of the procession. Some people who were especially looking after her, including my secretary, were arrested and removed, and then came the police charge. My mother was knocked down from her chair, and

was hit repeatedly on the head with canes. Blood came out of an open wound in the head ; and she fainted and lay on the roadside, which had now been cleared of the processionists and public. After some time she was picked up and brought by a police officer in his car to Anand Bhawan.

That night a false rumour spread in Allahabad that my mother had died. Angry crowds gathered together, forgot about peace and non-violence, and attacked the police. There was firing by the police resulting in the death of some people.

When the news of all this came to me some days after the occurrence (for we had a weekly paper) the thought of my frail old mother lying bleeding on the dusty road obsessed me, and I wondered how I would have behaved, if I had been there. How far would my non-violence have carried me ? Not very far, I fear, for that sight would have made me forget the long lesson I had tried to learn for more than a dozen years ; and I would have recked little of the consequences, personal or national.

Slowly she recovered, and when she came to see me next month in Barelly Gaol she was proud at having shared with our volunteer boys and girls the privilege of receiving cane and lathi blows.

NOTES

picketing : Congress volunteers stood in front of shops dealing in foreign goods and liquor persuading intending customers to abstain from alcoholic

drinks and use of foreign goods. This measure hit importers and encouraged the use of *Swadeshi* or home-made goods.

Peshawar and Garhwali Day : In 1930 the Congress started a campaign of civil disobedience. Large crowds took oaths to break laws and actually broke them. Large processions were taken out in cities, towns and villages in defiance of Sec. 144 and other restraining laws. One such procession was taken out in Peshawar and a unit of Garhwali troops when ordered to open fire refused to do so. They were heavily punished by the British and another unit of troops were asked to open fire which resulted in the death of large number of people. One boy is said to' have opened his breast and received seventeen bullets. Congress made much of these sacrifices of the people and observed these days.

Kamla : Mrs. Kamla Nehru, wife of the writer, who constantly suffered from ill-health.

Miraben : Miss Madeleine Slade was a British disciple of Mahatma Gandhi who made India her home. She courted imprisonment many times during the freedom struggle and has devoted herself to constructive work now.

non-violence : Congress pledged itself to non-violence though there were cases of violence sometimes on account of the lack of discipline among raw volunteers.

Exercises

(1) How did the women of India play their part in the freedom of struggle ?

(2) What difficulties and hardships did they face ?

(3) "And I would have recked little of the consequences, personal or national." What does Nehru mean by these words ? Relate briefly the incident that led to this reaction in him.

(4) Use in sentences of your own :
heart of the struggle, heart's desire, on the spur of the moment, keep the flag flying, champion, domestic slavery, put up with, recked little.

BIOGRAPHY

1. The Death of Socrates *Plato*

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

BY

Plato

(Socrates (469—399 B.C.) was one of the greatest philosophers ever born. There had been philosophers before Socrates, but for the most part they studied the nature of external things, the laws and constituents of the material and measurable world. Socrates probed into the mind of man.

He was dissatisfied with democracy as it existed in his state Athens. He considered it to be the rule by the mob and said it so. He wanted the administration to be run by the intelligent class. But the democratic party was victorious and its leaders Anytus and Meletus, decided that he should drink hemlock and die.

He was seventy years old then (399 B.C.). His friends had bribed the prison officials but he refused to escape. They were overwhelmed with sorrow and mortification.

This extract, one of the great passages of the world's literature, is from *Phaedo*, a well-known work of Plato. It gives us an idea of the extent to which the English language has been enriched with translations from foreign languages.)

"Be of good cheer" Socrates told his sorrowing friends "and say that you are burying my body only."

When he had spoken these words, he rose and went into the bath-chamber with Crito, who bade us wait ; and we waited, talking and thinking of......the greatness of our sorrow ; he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans....Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat down with us again......but not much was said. Soon the jailer entered and stood by him, saying : "To you, Socrates whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever come to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me when, in obedience to authorities, I bid them drink the poison—indeed I am sure that you will not be angry with me : for others, as you are aware and not I, are the guilty cause. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be ; you know my errands." Then bursting into tears he turned away and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said, "I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid." Then turning to us, he said, "How charming the man is ; since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me... and now see how generously he sorrows for me. But we must do as he says, Crito ; let the cup be brought if the poison is prepared ; if not, let the attendant prepare some."

"Yet", said Crito, "the sun is still upon the hill-tops,

and many a one has taken the draught late; and after the announcement had been made to him he has eaten and drunk, and indulged in sensual delights; do not hasten then, there is still time."

Socrates: "Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in doing thus, for they think that they will gain by the delay: but I am right in not doing thus, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later. I should be sparing and saving a life which is already gone; I could only laugh at myself for this. Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me."

Crito, when he heard this, made a sign to the servant, and the servant went in, and remained for some time, and then returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said, "You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed." The man answered: "You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act." At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of colour or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, as his manner was, took the cup and said: "What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not?" The man answered, "We only prepare, Socrates, just so much as we deem enough." "I understand," he said, "yet I may and must pray to the gods to prosper my journey from this to that other world—may this then which is my prayer, be granted to

me." Then holding the cup to his lips quite readily and cheerfully he drank the poison.

And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow ; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast ; so that I covered my face and wept over myself ; for certainly I was not weeping over him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having lost such a companion. Nor was I the first, for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up and moved away, and I followed : and at that moment Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out into a loud cry, which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness : "What is this strange outcry ?" he said, "I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not offend in this way, for I have heard that a man should die in peace. Be quiet, then and have patience." When we heard that, we were ashamed, and restrained our tears ; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs ; and after a while he pressed his foot hard and asked him if he could feel ; and he said, "No" ; and then his legs, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And then Socrates felt them him-self, and said, "When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end." He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face (for he covered

himself up) and said,—they were his last words—"Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius ; will you remember to pay the debt ?" "The debt shall be paid," said Crito, "is there anything else ?" There was no answer to this question. But in a minute or two a movement was heard, and the attendant uncovered him, his eyes were set, and Crito closed his eyes and mouth.

Such was the end of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest, the justest, and the best of all the men whom I have ever known.

NOTES

hemlock : a plant from which poison is got.
sensual : of a nature that delight the five senses.
libation : drink offering to gods.
forbear : restrain ourselves.
calamity : misfortune.

Exercises

1. Who was Socrates ? What marks of greatness do you find in him from Plato's narrative ?
2. Rewrite briefly the death scene of Socrates in your own words.
3. What were the last words of Socrates ? What lesson do you learn from them ?
4. What lesson do you learn from the death of Socrates, Jesus Christ and Mahatma Gandhi ?
5. Frame sentences to use the following :
   bereaved, impute, errand, change of colour, draught, made cowards of us all.

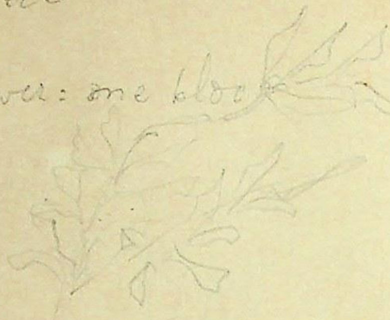
172

173

I. SPEECHES

Key man = important person

absolute



axis power: one block

evacuation: [illegible]

Parliment

174

DELIVERANCE AT DUNKIRK

BY

Sir Winston Churchill

(World War II started in September, 1939 with the invasion of Danzig by Hitler. England, France, Holland and Belgium found themselves arraigned against Germany, Italy, Austria and other partners of the Nazis who having had the start were well-prepared. In the early summer of the next year the Nazis made a number of swift movements and practically the whole of Western Europe had to capitaulate. The Western Allies lost the whole of their equipment of arms and ammunition and could save their army with the very skin of their teeth. This was a period of the greatest misfortune for the British and a nation not as strong in fortitude, determination and perseverance might well have been overawed into capitulation before the Nazis. But the British faced the blow with courage and Sir Winston Churchill, then Prime Mihister of Britain while reporting the matter to the Parliament in a famous speech on the 4th June, 1940 turns what was a 'disaster' into 'deliverance'.

Sir Winston Churchill (born 1874) has written numerous books including his Memoirs of the last War and history of Britain. Using the language with gusto he has

a flair for the choice phrase and the clinching epithet. Many of his war-time speeches are still remembered by the people for the rich epigrams strewn through them. These speeches inspire courage, faith and determination.)

When a week ago today I asked the House to fix this afternoon for the occasion of a statement, I feared it would be my hard lot to announce from this box the greatest military disaster of our long history.

I thought, and there were good judges who agreed with me, that perhaps 20,000 or 30,000 men might be re-embarked but it certainly seemed that whole French First Army and the B.E.F. north of the Amiens-Abbeville gap would be broken up in open field or else have to capitulate for lack of food and ammunition.

The whole root and core and brain of the British Army, around which and upon which we were building and are able to build the great British armies of later years, seemed to perish upon the field. That was the prospect a week ago, but another blow which might have proved fatal was still to fall upon us.

The King of the Belgians called upon us to come to his aid. Had not this ruler and his government severed themselves from the Allies who rescued their country from extinction in the late war, and had they not sought refuge in what has been proved to be fatal neutrality, then the French and British armies at the outset might well have saved not only Belgium but perhaps even Holland.

At the last moment, when Belgium was already invaded, King Leopold called upon us to come to his aid, and even at the last moment we came. He and his brave and efficient army of nearly half-a-million strong guarded our eastern flank ; this kept open our only retreat to the sea.

Suddenly, without any prior consultation and with the least possible notice, without the advice of his ministers and on his own personal act, he sent a plenipotentiary to the German Command surrendering his army and exposing our flank and the means of retreat.

I asked the House a week ago to suspend its judgement because the facts were not clear. I did not think there is now any reason why we should not form our own opinions upon this pitiful episode. The surrender to the Belgian Army compelled the British Army at the shortest notice to cover a flank to the sea of more than thirty miles' length which otherwise would have been cut off.

In doing this and closing this flank, contact was lost inevitably between the British and two of three corps forming the First French Army who were then further from the coast than we were. It seemed impossible that large numbers of Allied troops could reach the coast. The enemy attacked on all sides in great strength and fierceness, and their main power, air force, was thrown into the battle.

The enemy began to fire cannons along the beaches by which alone shipping could approach or depart. They sowed magnetic mines in the channels and seas and sent

repeated waves of hostile aircrafts, sometime, more than 100 strong to cast bombs on a single pier that remained and on the sand dunes.

Their U-boats, one of which was sunk, and motor launchs took their toll of the vast traffic which now began. For four or five days the intense struggle raged. All armoured divisions or what was left of them together with great masses of German infantry and artillery, hurled themselves on the ever narrowing contracting appendix within which the British and French armies fought.

Meanwhile the Royal Navy, with the willing help of countless merchants, seamen and a host of volunteers, strained every nerve and every effort and every craft to embark the British and Allied troops.

Over 220 light warships and more than 650 other vessels were engaged. They had to approach this difficult coast, often in adverse weather, under an almost ceaseless hail of bombs and increasing concentration of artillery fire. Nor were the seas themselves free from mines and torpedoes.

It was in conditions such as these that our men carried on with little or no rest for days and nights, moving troops across dangerous waters and bringing with them always the men whom they had rescued. The numbers they brought back are the measures of their devotion and their courage.

Hospital ships, which were plainly marked, were the

special target for bombs, but the men and women aboard them never faltered in their duty.

Meanwhile the R.A.F., who already had been intervening in the battle so far as its range would allow it to go from home bases, now used a part of its main metropolitan fighter strength to strike at German bombers.

The struggle was protracted and fierce. Suddenly the scene has cleared. The crash and thunder has momentarily, but only for the moment, died away. The miracle of deliverance achieved by the valour and the perseverance, perfect discipline, faultless service, skill and unconquerable vitality is a manifesto to us all.

The enemy was hurled back by the British and French troops. He was so roughly handled that he dared not molest their departure seriously. The air force decisively defeated the main strength of the German Air Force and inflicted on them a loss of at least four to one.

The navy, using nearly 1,000 ships of all kinds, carried over 335,000 men, French and British, from the jaws of death back to their native land and to the tasks which lie immediately before them.

We must be very careful not to assign to this deliverance attributes of a victory. Wars are not won by evacuation, but there was a victory inside this deliverance which must be noted.

Can you conceive of a greater objective for the power of Germany in the air than to make all evacuations from these beaches impossible and to sink all of the ships, numbering almost 1,000 ? Could there have been an incentive of greater military importance and significance to the whole purpose of the war ?

They tried hard and were beaten back. They were frustrated in their task ; we have got the armies away and they have paid four-fold for any losses sustained. Very large formations of German airplanes were turned on several occasions from the attack by a quarter their number of R.A.F. planes and dispersed in different directions. Twelve airplanes have been hunted by two. One airplane was driven into the water and cast away by the charge of a British airplane which had no more ammunition.

All of our types and our pilots have been vindicated. The Hurricane, Spitfires and Defiance have been vindicated. When I consider how much greater would our advantage be in defending the air above this island against overseas attacks, I find in these facts a sure basis on which practical and reassuring thoughts may rest, and I will pay may tribute to these young airmen.

May it not be that the cause of civilization itself will be defended by the skill and devotion of a few thousand airmen ? There never has been, I suppose, in all the history of the world such opportunity for youth.

The knights of the Round Table and the Crusaders

have fallen back into distant days, not only distant but prosaic; but these young men are going forth every morning, going forth holding in their hands an instrument of colossal shattering power, of whom it may be said that every morn brought forth a noble chance and every chance brought forth a noble deed. These young men deserve our gratitude, as all brave men who in so many ways and on so many occasions are ready and will continue to be ready to give their life and their all to their native land.

I return to the army. In a long series of very fierce battles, now on this front, now on that, fighting on three fronts at once, battles fought by two or three divisions against an equal or sometimes larger number of the enemy, and found very fiercely an old ground so many of them knew so well, our losses in men exceed 30,000 in killed, wounded and missing. I take this occasion for expressing the sympathy of the House with those who have suffered bereavement or are still anxious.

In the confusion of departure it is inevitable that, many should be cut off. Against this loss of over 30,000 men we may set the far heavier loss certainly inflicted on the enemy, but our losses in material are enormous. We have perhaps lost one-third of the men we lost in the opening days of the battle on March 21, 1918 but we have lost nearly as many guns—nearly 1,000 and all our transport and all the armoured vehicles that were with the army of the north.

These losses will impose further delay on the expan-

sion of our military strength. How long it will be, how long it will last depends upon the exertions which we make on this island. As effort, the like of which has never been seen in our records, is now being made. Work is proceeding night and day, Sundays and week days. Capital and labour have cast aside their interests, rights and customs and put everything into the common stock. Already the flow of munitions has leaped forward. There is no reason why we should not in a few months overtake the sudden and serious loss that has come upon us without retarding the development of our general programme.

Nevertheless, our thankfulness at the escape of our army with so many men, and the thankfulness of their loved ones, who passed through an agonizing week, must not blind us to the fact that what happened in France and Belgium is a colossal military disaster.

The French Army has been weakened, the Belgian Army has been lost and a large part of those fortified lines upon which so much faith was reposed has gone, and many valuable mining districts and factories have passed into the enemy's possession.

The whole of the channel ports are in his hands, with all the strategic consequences that follow from that, and we must expect another blow to be struck almost immediately at us or at France.

We were told that Hitler has plans for invading the British Isles. This has often been thought of before. When Napoleon lay at Boulogne for a year with his first-

bottomed boats and his Grand Army, some one told him there were bitter weeds in England. There certainly were and a good many more of them have since been returned. The whole question of defence against invasion is powerfully affected by the fact that we have for the time being in this island incomparably more military forces than we had in the last war. But this will not continue. We shall not be content with a defensive war. We have our duty to our Allies.

We have to reconstitute and build up the B.E.F. once again under its gallant Commander-in-Chief, Lord Gort. All this is on train. But now I feel we must put our defence in this island into such a high state of organization that the fewest possible numbers will be required to give effectual security and that the largest possible potential offensive effort may be released.

On this we are now engaged. It would be very convenient to enter upon this subject in secret sessions. The Government would not necessarily be able to reveal any great military secrets, but we should like to have our discussion free and without the restraint imposed by the fact that they would be read the next day by the enemy.

The Government would benefit by the views expressed by the House. I understand that some request is to be made on this subject, which will be readily acceded to by the Government. We have found it necessary to take measures of increasing stringency, not only against enemy B, aliens and suspicious characters of other nationalities,

but also against British subjects who may become a danger or a nuisance should the war be transported to the United Kingdom.

I know there are a great many people affected by the orders which we have made who are passionate enemies of Nazi Germany. I am very sorry for them, but we cannot, under the present circumstances, draw all the distinctions we should like to do. If parachute landings were attempted and fierce fights followed, those unfortunate people would be far better out of the way for their own sake as well as ours.

There is, however, another class for which I feel not the slightest sympathy. Parliament has given us powers to put down fifth column activities with the strongest hand, and we shall use those powers subject to the supervision and correction of the House without hesitation until we are satisfied, and more than satisfied, that this malignancy in our midst has been effectually stamped out.

Turning once again to the question of invasion, there has, I will observe, never been a period in all those long centuries of which we boast when an absolute guarantee against invasion, still less against serious raids, could have been given to our people. In the days of Napoleon the same wind which might have carried his transport across the channel might have driven away a blockading fleet. There is always the chance, and it is that chance which has excited and befooled the imaginations of many continental tyrants.

We are assured that novel methods will be adopted, and when we see the originality, malice and ingenuity of aggression which our enemy displays we may certainly prepare ourselves for every kind of novel stratagems and every kind of brutal and treacherous manoeuvre.

We must never forget the solid assurances of sea power and those which belong to air power if they can be locally exercised. I have myself full confidence that if all do their duty and if the best arrangements are made, as they are being made, we shall prove ourselves once again able to defend our island home, ride out the storms of war and outlive the menace of tyranny, if necessary, for years, if necessary, alone.

At any rate, that is what we are going to try to do. That is the resolve of His Majesty's Government, every man of them. That is the will of Parliament and the nation. The British Empire and the French Republic, linked together in their cause and their need, will defend to the death their native soils, aiding each other like good comrades to the utmost of their strength even though a large tract of Europe and many old and famous States have fallen or may fall into the grip of the Gestapo and all the odious apparatus of Nazi rule.

We shall not flag nor fail. We small go on to the end. We shall fight in France and on the seas and oceans ; we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air.

We shall defend our island whatever the cost may

be ; we shall fight on beaches, landing grounds, in fields, in streets and on the hills. We shall never surrender and even if, which I do not for the moment believe, this island or a large part of it were subjugated and starving, then our empire beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British Fleet, will carry on the struggle until in God's good time the New World, with all its power and might, sets forth to the liberation and rescue of the old.

NOTES

B.E.F.—British Expeditionary Force.

fatal neutrality : At first the Belgians opposed the Germans but declared their neutrality later on as Belgian army and industry suffered under the Nazi onslaught.

U-boats, torpedoes : a type of dangerous submarine.

Numbers : Nearly 3,35,000 British troops were thus saved.

Nazi : Germans under Hitler emphasised their Aryan descent and called themselves Nazis.

R.A.F. Royal Air Force of the United Kingdom.

range : In the earlier years of the war the Allies possessed inferior aircraft.

Hurricane etc. : Types of airplanes used by the British.

Round Table : King Arthur, a legendary king of England and his knights seated themselves around a table, thus abolishing distinction of rank or precedence.

Crusaders : Knights who took part in the religious wars between the Turks and Christians during the Middle Ages.

Noble deed : noble indeed !

Old ground : Where fighting had taken place dring World War I.

Lord Gort : Lord Gort was, however, relieved of the command and given a new assignment as Governor of Gibraltar. There were many serious differences between the appraisal of Churchill and of the general staff.

Fifth Column : agents of the enemy or his sympathisers.

Gestapo : the secret spy system of the Nazis.

New World : the British and the French were making efforts to seek the participation of the U.S.A. in the War in defence of democracy against Fascism.

Exercises

(1) Why were the British and French forced to flee ? What part did the Belgian King play in this behalf ?

(2) Give an account of the evacuation of the British and French forces across the English channel.

(3) Why does Churchill pay a tribute to the R.A.F. ?

(4) What plans does Churchill propose to Parliament for the successful prosecution of the War ?

(5) Use in sentences of your own :—
rescue, extinction, took their toll, strained every nerve. protract, roughly handled, jaws of death, deliverance, frustrated, vindicated, nuisance.

———

THE POETRY OF IQBAL

BY

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

(Wars divide man from man and destroy civilization. Arts and poetry, philosophy and religion seek to do away with our superficial differences and unite us through love and beauty for a higher purpose. In our day there is great need of a real unity of hearts between people professing different social and political beliefs. No one is better qualified to speak on such a subject than Dr. S. Radhakrishnan who, all through his life, has stressed the importance of enlightened morality and true religion in our civilization dominated by science.

Many people have misunderstood Iqbal, the great poet of the East. In this speech which was delivered by him while inaugurating the Iqbal Day Mushaira on the 27th April, 1956, the Vice-President of India stresses the deep and abiding notes in the poetry and thought of the poet. He loved India, he loved Islam but he loved humanity more. He has the highest conception of the dignity of man.

Dr. Radhakrishnan is a prolific writer. India has produced some speakers of the first rank in the English

language including Lal Mohan Ghosh, Surinder Nath Bannerjea, G.K. Gokhale and Sarojini Naidu. Englishmen were spellbound with the oratory of Ghosh. A Governor of the pre-independence Presidency of Madras complimented Srinivas Sastry in the words 'You speak better than most graduates of Oxford and Cambridge' to which Sastry replied, 'It is, perhaps, because of the two thousand years of culture behind me'. As a speaker Dr. Radhakrishnan ranks with those stalwarts. About his proficiency as a writer in English the remark of the author of the *Anatomy of Prose* deserves to be known.

"Englishmen who do not care to write their language well should be shamed to read such Indian writers as Jawaharlal Nehru, Dr. Radhakrishnan, Mulk Raj Anand ...." Among others Sir Anthony Eden, a former Prime Minister of Britain paid high tributes to Dr. Radhakrishnan's command over the English language.)

I do not think I am the right man to inaugurate this Mushaira. I do not know Persian or Urdu nor am I a poet by any stretch of imagination. If I still am here, it is because I have read some of Iqbal's works in English and have a great admiration for his work.

In the year 1937 at the Golden Jubilee of the Allahabad University he and I were recipients of honorary degrees, and there was another thing in common between us, that we felt the need of a rational spiritual religion when superstition and obscurantism were rampant.

Today we have almost unlimited power of self-

annihilation in our hands, and if wisdom and humanity do not help us to divert this power to human advantage, the future of human race will be in peril. If technical power is accompanied by moral failure, we will enter another dark age. Our world is filled with fear and suspicion ; it has developed so much animosity that though there is no war, there is no peace. For the new world which is emerging we need a new type of man, with a liberal mind and a humane outlook. To build tolerance and charity in the minds of men is the task not of engineers and technicians but of poets and artists.

Iqbal rightly stressed the discipline of religion as our great need. 'It is pure dogmatism' says Iqbal, 'on the part of science to claim that the aspects of reality selected by it are the only aspects to be studied'. Their is another dimension to man's existence. God, for Iqbal, is a Supreme person who is not a mere idea or abstraction, who is not an absolute principle or a rational ordainer of the universe. He is a Real Presence with whom we can get into Communion. He whose life is centred in God creates new and unforeseeable realities. The aim of religion is to make the human being a free spirit. Iqbal quotes the verse of the Quran : 'Verily we proposed to the heavens and to the earth and to the mountains to receive the trust but they refused the burden and they feared to receive it. Man undertook to bear it.' Iqbal comments on it : 'Man is the trustee of a free personality which he accepted at his peril. The free individuals are those whose consciousness reaches the highest point of intensity. Such a free spirit is a co-creator with God.

Iqbal quotes the Quranic verse : 'Blessed be God, the best of creators.' Not man as he is now, but man purified through obedience, self-control and detachment can reach the high status of the viceregent of God. Iqbal wrote to Nicholson : 'Physically as well as spiritually man is a self-contained centre, but he is not yet a complete individual. The greater his distance from God, the less his individuality. He who comes nearest to God is the complete person. The ego attains to freedom by the removal of all obstructions in its way. It is partly free, partly determinate, and reaches full freedom by approaching the individual who is most free—God*'. Like all great religions, Islam insists on self-effacement for divine union. We must detach ourselves from the wordly life to devote ourselves to the service of God. All people are prophets, are capable of this spiritual attainment.

The function of poetry is the communication of vision. Great poetry is the result of great vision. It gives to men a new outlook. It has the power to heal a nation's wounds.

Iqbal's poems set before us a classless social order without distinction of rich and poor, high and low. The true human being should identify himself with the poor and the lowly. We should not oppress the innocent. This is the meaning of democracy. The same spirit of democracy requires us to look upon all whether they are Muslims or Hindus, Christians or Jews, as children of one Father.

---

* Introduction to *The Secrets of the Self.*

In these dark and threatening times we have to re-discover the vital truths, those great patterns of thought and behaviour, those great moral and spiritual values, the oneness of God and the brotherhood of man which are associated with Islam. Unfortunately, in the course of centuries these central truths are obscured, and rites and rituals, creeds and dogmas have covered up the simplicity of the message of Islam. It is the duty of thinkers in each generation to recapture the original purity and dynamic vigour of the ancient message and re-express it in the idiom of their age. This task of re-interpretation Iqbal undertook in his book on *Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam.* He defended religion against the attacks of Marxist materialism and Existentialism. 'Marxism', said Iqbal, 'had a believing heart and an atheist brain.' He loved greatly the spirit of this country and said on an important occasion : 'I am sprung from the same stock. India is older than Hinduism and Islam and will remain when we and our creeds have become one with yesterday's seven thousand years.' He loved India, he loved Islam and more than all he loved humanity. He looked forward to a period when we might be able to co-operate freely for the welfare of the whole world, in a spirit of universal goodwill.

Iqbal was greatly inspired by Rumi's teachings and echoed his sentiments. Rumi said : 'There are many lamps but the light is one.' Iqbal said : There is only one religion but there are many versions of it. It is a commentary on the Rig Veda statement *ekam sat viprah*

bahudha vadanti and the Quran says there is not a nation to whom a warner has not been sent by God.

I hope that this Mushaira will be both instructive and entertaining.*

NOTES

Obscurantism : negative approach based on ignorance or perversion of mind. Opposition to inquiry and enlightenment.

dogmatism : assertion of opinion authoritatively.

ego : the conscious thinking subject.

communion : be conscious of His presence. (celebration of the Last Supper of Christ with his disciples).

determinate : limited.

vision : sight of what lies beyond material objects.

Marxist materialism : Marx who first propounded communism emphasised the importance of matter. Religion he declared to be the opiate of the people.

Existentialism : Belief limited to what has a real objective existence.

Rumi : Maulana Jalal-ud-Din Rumi, a great Persian poet and mystic.

ekam sat...........truth is one but is called by different names.

Exercise

1. Is Dr. Radhakrishnan qualified to inaugurate the symposium ? If so, on what grounds ?
2. What is the task of poets and artists in our age ?

---

* Occasional Speeches and Writings of S. Radhakrishnan (pp. 106-109) The Publication Division.

3. What according to Iqbal is the position of man in the Universe?
4. What is the importance of Iqbal as thinker and poet today?
5. Use in sentences of your own :—
inaugurate, recipient of, rampant, abstraction, ego, self-effacement, dogma.

inaugarate, recipient of, rampant, abstraction, ego, ego, self effacement, dogma.

1 Agriculture Director
~~2 Panchayat~~ J & K. State
Jammu.

For Compose inspector

2. Development Commiss-
ner Jammu & Kathua
Jammu.
For Sub inspector
Panchayat.

Four sciences in which man wields greater influence as compared to woman.

[illegible] into

Apperceive =

Impressive = [illegible]

3-4
10

8-14
4

4-2
4-6

4-6-6
4-6-0

4-12-0

